

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

CHRISTMAS NUMBER 1954



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BY R. SAVERY



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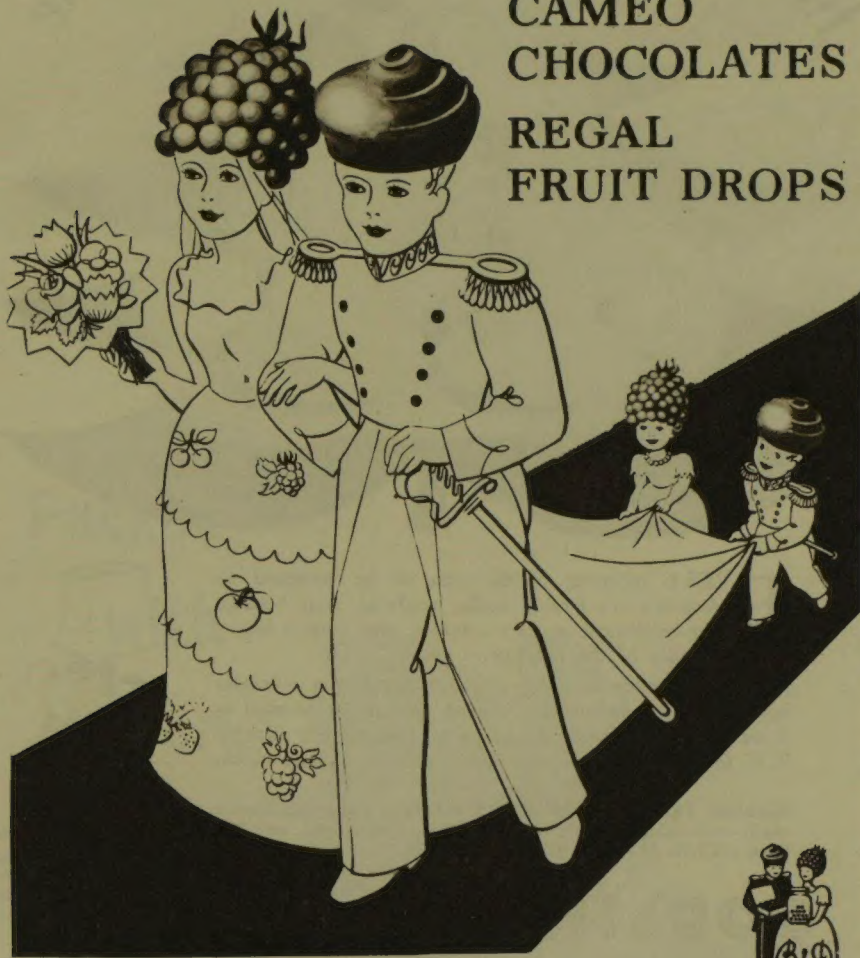
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The submarine having to be docked for repairs after exercising gave me the opportunity to recover it, which I did. I was then informed by the Captain the submarine had dived to a depth of 200 ft. on numerous occasions over a period of two and a half weeks.

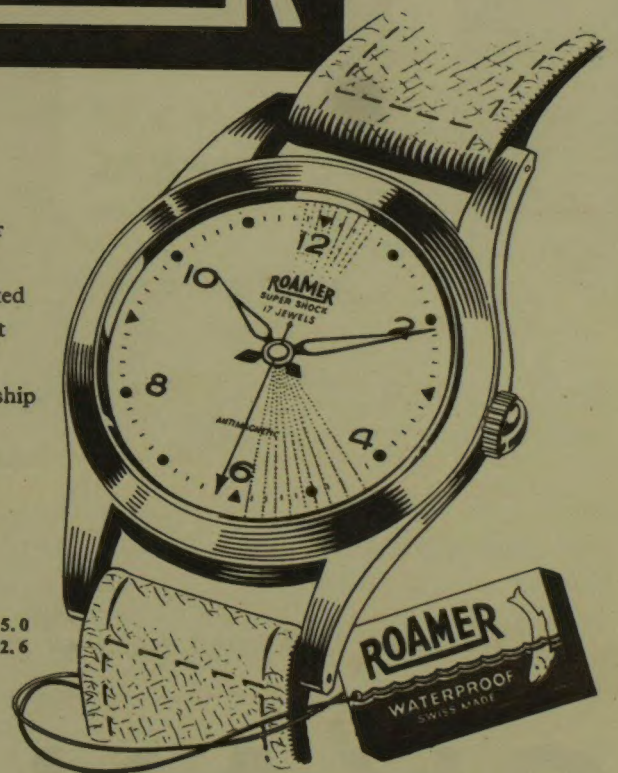
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*Actual extract from unsolicited letter recently received. D.C.H. 22/2/54.*

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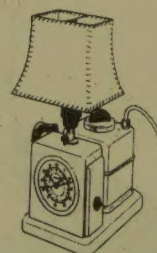
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Goblin Teasmade is such a useful acquisition—besides  
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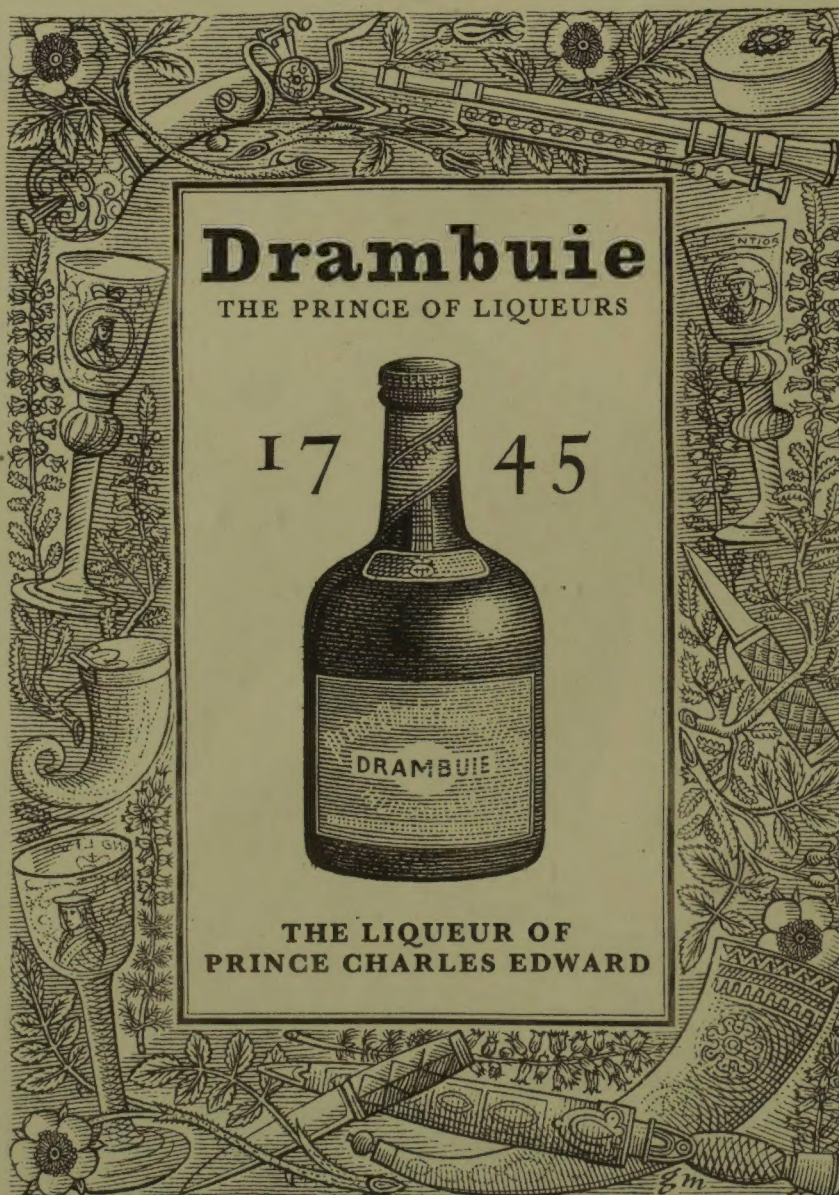
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A modified design giving  
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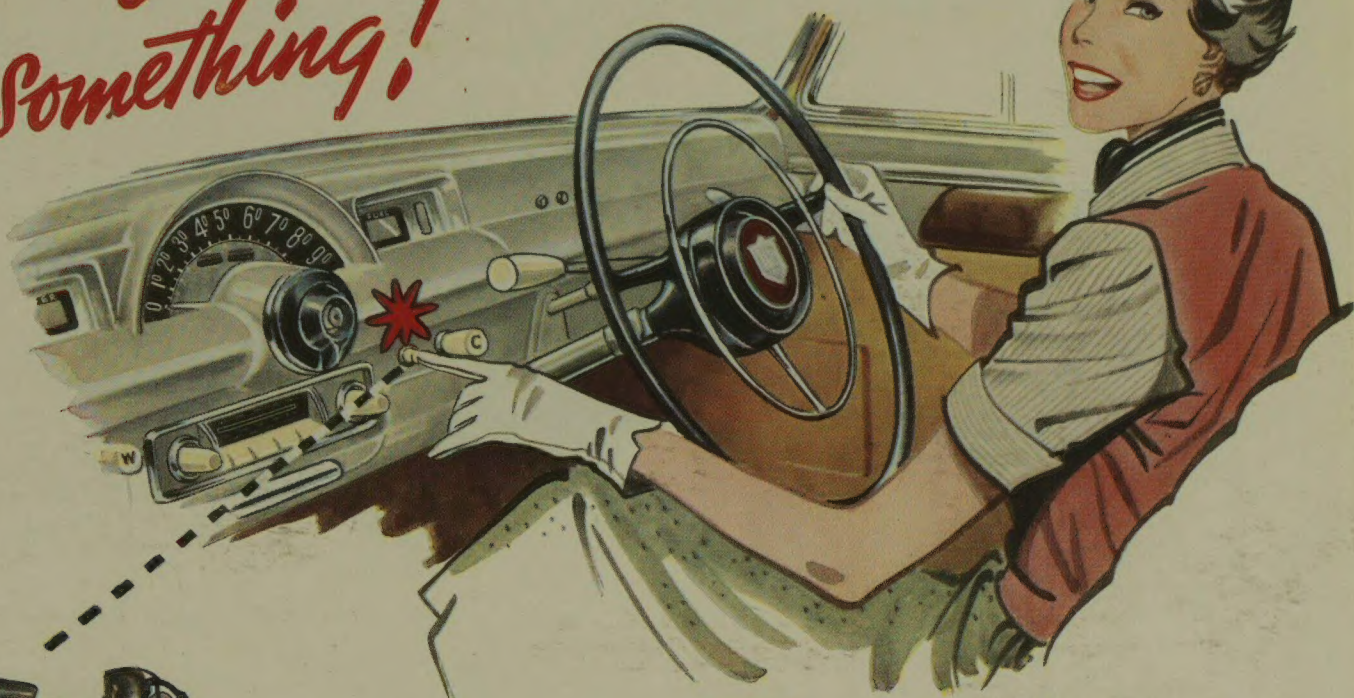
The British Vacuum Cleaner & Engineering Co. Ltd., (Dept. I/L) Goblin Works, Leatherhead, Surrey.



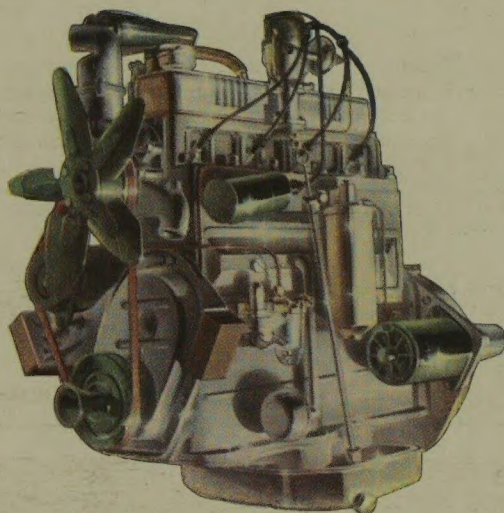
THE DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO LTD EDINBURGH



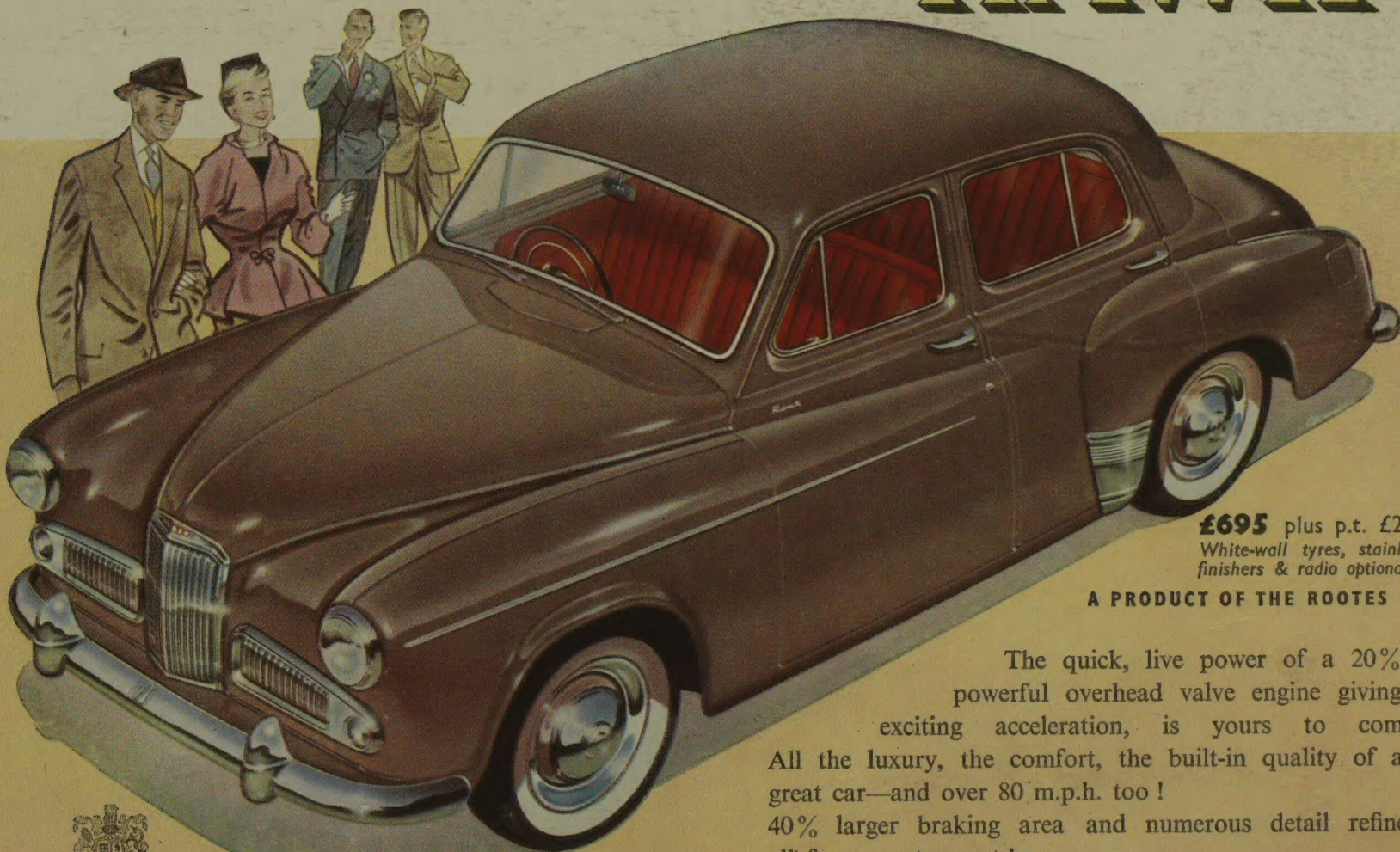
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start something!*



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and  
ready  
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it!**



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### The Master

*Detail of the finial on a spoon made in London in 1511.*

A set of Apostle spoons normally consists of The Master and The Twelve, The Saviour being invariably portrayed with His right hand held in blessing whilst His left supports His emblem of The Orb and Cross. In early examples, as on this spoon, The Cross is usually small and simple, but later it frequently becomes much larger and either rayed or floriated.

This model illustrates very clearly the skill of the silversmith at that time, the modelling and finish of the minute figure, the total length of which is only 1½ inches, being quite remarkable.

For full details and illustrations of this remarkable spoon see How "English and Scottish Silver Spoons and Pre-Elizabethan Hall-Marks on English Plate," Volume 11 Addendum Plate 8 published by

## HOW

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Not to be confused with gin and orange squash, but full-strength gin made with pure oranges and lemons. Best taken neat, but add tonic water or a little soda water if preferred. Bottle 32/- ; ½ bottle 16/9d. ; Miniature 3/5d.

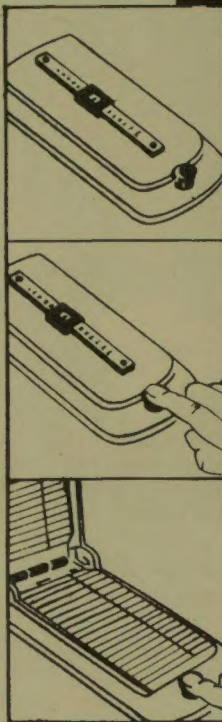
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Six famous Gordon flavours, each one mixed by experts and ready to serve. Ensures success of any party.

PERFECT PICCADILLY · DRY MARTINI  
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SAY "Noilly Prat" and your 'French' will be perfect . . .

*Here's the perfect way to serve it*

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- ★ Bronx Cocktail. ½ Noilly Prat, ½ Italian Vermouth, ½ Gin, Juice of ½ orange.
- ★ Short Noilly Prat. Neat with a zest of lemon peel squeezed into the vermouth, then dropped into it.
- ★ Long Noilly Prat. Pour two fingers of Noilly Prat into a tumbler, add ice, top with soda.

BLENDED & BOTTLED  
IN THE LARGE BOTTLE  
IN FRANCE

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*the first name you think of in*

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READING AND LONDON ENGLAND



# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

CHRISTMAS NUMBER 1954



"THE ART CRITICS."

BY JULES ADOLPHE GOUPIL (1839-1883).

Included in the 1952 exhibition "Artists at Work" arranged by the late Mr. Robert Frank in collaboration with the Arcade Gallery.





"THE MADONNA AND CHILD WITH ANGELS", BY JOOS VAN CLEVE  
(c. 1485-1540).

The tender piety of the Flemish painters is perfectly illustrated in this beautiful work by Joos van Cleve, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy Exhibition of Flemish Art, 1300-1700, last winter. The Holy Child lies peacefully on His Mother's knee; and an Angelic Choir announces the Christmas message of Peace on Earth, Goodwill to Men.

*Reproduced by permission of Mrs. M. T. Weld-Blundell and Colonel J. W. Weld.*



# CRIME AT LARK COTTAGE

By JOHN BINGHAM,

Author of "My Name is Michael Sibley," "Five Roundabouts to Heaven," and "The Third Skin."

Illustrated by

STEVEN SPURRIER, R.A.



THE weather was foul. It had been snowing, off and on, for some days, but during the last few hours the temperature had suddenly risen, and with the departure of the cold had come the rain, pitting the smooth snow, causing it to fall with soft rustles and sighs from the branches in the coppice which surrounded the cottage on three sides.

Bradley switched off his engine in the black-velvet shadows of the trees opposite the little gate; and went up to the gate, and saw that it bore the name "Lark Cottage"; saw, too, the soft lamplight gleaming through the chinks in the curtains of the front room.

It had been dark for two hours now. A blustery little wind had arisen, sweeping in chilly rushes across the moors, driving the rain before it, and plunging into the little hollow in which the cottage lay.

There was no other habitation in sight.

Bradley unlatched the gate, and walked up a narrow path and knocked on the door. For a few seconds he heard nothing. Then came the sound of footsteps, but they did not come to the door. He heard them pass in front of the door, then begin to ascend uncarpeted stairs.

For a few seconds he stood listening, hearing the water drip from the eaves. A sudden gust of wind and rain, stronger than usual, caused him to turn up the collar of his raincoat.

Suddenly, somewhere above him, a window was opened, and the gust of wind died away, and in the silence that followed a woman's voice said:

"Who is there? What do you want?"

"You don't know me," he replied. "I am sorry to trouble you."

"Who are you?"

"You don't know me," he repeated. "My name is John Bradley. It will mean nothing to you, I'm afraid. I got lost, and now I've developed car trouble. The clutch is slipping badly. I see there is a telephone line to your cottage. I would be most grateful if I could use it. I'll naturally pay you for the call."

He looked up as he spoke. He could see the pale blob of her face in the darkness, peering down at him through the half-opened lattice window. For a second or two she said nothing. Then she said:

"Wait a minute. I'll come down."

He heard her close the window, and the sound of her footsteps on the stairs again, and the noise of the door being unbolted.

He followed her into the little hall, and then into the living-room. The room was a curious mixture of dark oak furniture, solid and enduring, and cheap modern bric-à-brac.

In a far corner a small Christmas tree, obviously dug from the garden, stood in a red pot. A little girl, aged about ten, was decorating it with bits of silver tinsel. As he came in she held in her hand a small Fairy Queen, made of cardboard, and painted with some silvery, glittering substance.

She was fair-haired and pale, and looked at him gravely, uncertainly; poised, as though prepared to drop everything and run at the first harsh word.

Unhappy, thought Bradley; thin and unhappy, and none too fit. Aloud, he said:

"That's a pretty tree you have."

For a second, warmth crept into the child's face and lit up the grey eyes, and she seemed about to speak. Then, as the woman spoke, the child thought better of it, and the face assumed again its former cautious expression.

"The 'phone's on the window-sill."

Bradley swung round and looked at the woman. She was about thirty-five, tall and sallow, with dark hair and eyes, the hair brushed



Bradley unlatched the gate, and walked up a narrow path and knocked on the door. For a few seconds he heard nothing. Then came the sound of footsteps, but they did not come to the door.

back severely from the forehead. Her features were regular and, but for the fact that she was thin, and that her face wore a harsh, embittered expression, he would have considered her handsome for her age. Bradley said:

"I suppose Skandale is the nearest town? Can you recommend a garage there?"

She shook her head. "You won't get a garage to come out at this time of night." She paused and added: "I doubt if there's even a garage open, now, in that dump."

"You are not from these parts?"

She shook her head again and said:

"I come from Brighton."

Bradley said: "You must find it a bit different up here." But she was not listening to him. She was standing rigid, her head slightly on one side, as though she were listening. Her neck, her arms, her legs, her whole body was stiff. Bradley, glancing at her hands, saw that they were clenched and pressed to her sides.

But the child was different.

The child's face was suddenly flushed and eager. She had stopped trying to fix the Fairy Queen to the top of the Christmas tree, and had turned her head towards the window, towards the front of the house and the garden path, and the gate through which a man would normally approach the cottage. She said:

"Did you hear anything, Mummy?"

The question seemed to break the tension. The woman said sharply: "Julia! Either get on with your tree or go to bed—one or the other."

The child turned back to her tree, but almost at once turned her head quickly to the window.

Bradley heard the click of the gate, too. So did the woman. The noise came during a momentary lull in the wind, so when the woman said it was the storm blowing the gate nobody believed her, and the child ran to the window and looked out, thrusting the curtains aside, and peering into the night, kneeling on the window-seat, nose pressed against the pane. Bradley said:

"You are expecting somebody, perhaps? Well, I won't bother you any longer. I'll be on my way. Maybe the clutch will last a mile or two, and I'll do the last stretch on foot. I take it this road leads to the main road to Skandale?"



The woman was staring towards the window, towards the child. Bradley thought: The child is eager, expectant, but the mother is afraid. At last she said:

"It is at least ten miles to Skandale. You would do better to stay here, Mr. Bradley, and catch the early-morning bus from the end of the lane. I can give you a bed."

"But if you are expecting somebody——"

"Nobody is coming."

There was a flurry of movement on the window-seat, as the child Julia swung round and cried:

"But, Mummy, it said on the wireless——"

"Julia! Come, it's time for your bed."

She went to the window and took the child by the hand, and jerked the child off the window-seat and towards the door. At the door she paused a moment and said:

"You are quite welcome to stay the night. Julia and I share the same room, and I will make up the bed in the small room for you."

Bradley caught the strained, almost eager undertone in her voice, and knew that she wanted him to stay; knew that she was afraid, and wished for his company in the house; afraid, even though as yet she had not said what she feared — or whom.

"Very well," he said mildly. "I will gladly stay. It is very kind of you."

He watched her lead the child out of the room, and heard them mount the stairs, and the sound of voices in an upper room, the woman's sharp and scolding, the child's plaintive. Then he went quickly to the window and looked out.

The light from the room was reflected by the snow, so that he could dimly see the garden and the path and the gate. But there was no sign of anybody.

He had not expected to see anybody.

He lit a cigarette and wandered slowly round the room, glancing at the books in the bookshelf near the fireplace, at the cheap water-colours on the whitewashed walls.

On a table near the window stood a small silver tray. He picked it up and read the inscription in the middle, written in the impeccable copybook handwriting peculiar to such things:

TO FRED SHAW ON HIS MARRIAGE—  
FROM HIS PALS AT THE MILL.

He replaced the tray and moved to the fireplace, noting the inexpensive china ornaments, the walnut-wood clock. In a light oak frame was a picture of a plump-faced man with fair, receding hair. In the bottom right-hand corner were the words: "To Lucy, with love from Leslie."

He wandered on, looking for something which he somehow knew he would not find; looking for the usual wedding picture, the wedding picture of Fred and Lucy Shaw.

He was not in the least surprised not to find it; not in the least surprised to find no trace of Fred Shaw at all, except for the silver tray, and that, after all, was worth money.

No trace, that is, until he came to the newspaper lying on the dark oak sideboard, and saw the double-column headlines, and read the text about Frederick Shaw, and how warders and police were scouring the countryside for him.

Frederick Shaw, aged forty-two. Escaped from Larnforth Prison.

Shaw, the murderer, reprieved because of what Home Secretaries call "just an element of doubt"; and serving a life sentence, with nine-tenths of it still to run.

Shaw, the former overseer, respected in all Skandale, who once or twice a year got a little befuddled with beer; who was known to be on bad terms with his uncle, the Skandale jeweller.

Good-natured old Fred Shaw, who never could explain how his cap and heavy black-thorn stick were found beside the battered body of the

jeweller—or even what became of the money they alleged he had stolen.

Bradley put the paper down quickly when he heard the footsteps on the stairs. Too quickly. As he turned away, the big pages slipped over the side of the polished sideboard. So that when Lucy Shaw came into the room, she saw it lying on the floor, and said:

"So now you know, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Bradley, "I know all right."

Now that the need for acting was past, she stood in front of the fireplace, massaging one hand with the other, staring at him with frightened



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eyes. A tall, gaunt woman, with a wide, sensual mouth. The harsh expression had left her face. He saw her lips quiver.

"What are you scared of, Mrs. Shaw?" asked Bradley.

"I'm not scared. I'm not at all scared. What should I be frightened of?"

"That's what I was asking," said Bradley. He moved to the door and said: "I'll go and get my suitcase out of the car."

He went into the hall and out of the front door and down the garden path to the car. She heard the sound of the car door being slammed. On the way back, he paused by the front door. Then he came into the hall and put down his suitcase.

When he came into the living-room he said:

"Come outside a minute, will you?"

She swung round and stared at him.

"Why?"

"Did your husband—did Mr. Shaw use a walking-stick much?"

"He always used one—almost always. He was a bit lame from a mill accident. Why?" And when he did not answer, when he only looked at her without saying anything, she repeated loudly, almost shrilly: "Why?"

"Well, come outside a minute," repeated Bradley, and groped in his trenchcoat pocket for his torch. She walked into the hall, and when she hesitated by the front door he said: "Come on, it's all right. I'm with you, and I'm six foot tall and quite strong."

The wind had dropped now, but the rain still fell; but softly, soundlessly, more in the nature of a moorland mist.

The snow was becoming soft on the surface, but was still deep, so that the footprints round the house showed up very distinctly in the light of the torch; so did the small ferrule-holes in the snow on the left-hand side of the prints.

"I suppose he was left-handed," said Bradley, more to himself than to Lucy Shaw, and saw her nod almost imperceptibly. He raised the torch-beam a trifle and said: "See how he turned aside to look into the room? I suppose he saw me in there with you and Julia. I suppose he is waiting for me to go. Then he will come in and spend a few short hours with you, and perhaps take some clothes and money and go."

He heard a movement by his side, and looked round, and found she had gone back into the house.

When he joined her in the living-room she was sitting crouched in

a chair by the fire. Her sallow face had turned white. She was trembling violently.

Bradley said: "I think I had better go, after all. I'm keeping him out in the night rain. It's the police job to catch escaped convicts, not mine. I was a prisoner of war once. I've got a sneaking sympathy for them. Poor devil!" he added softly.

But she jumped to her feet, and clutched him by both arms, and said shrilly: "You mustn't go! Please don't go!" A thought struck her, and she added, almost in a whisper: "Before the gate clicked—you remember?—the child and I heard a sound. I think it was his hand, perhaps his finger-nail on the window-pane, as he looked in through a chink in the curtains."

Bradley said: "I'm going, unless you tell me why you are afraid."

He pushed her from him, and she went and stood by the fireplace. After a while she said:

"He thought I should have done more for him when he had his trial. He said he was with me at the time of the murder, and I should have said so too."

But he wasn't, so I couldn't say it, could I? After all, you're on oath, aren't you, Mr. Bradley?"

"You're on oath all right."

"So I couldn't go and perjure myself, could I? I mean, could I?"

"Men don't kill women for *not* doing something, Mrs. Shaw." He glanced at the grate. "The fire is dying, and there is no more wood. Where is it kept?"

She looked up at him, fear in her eyes, and said:

"In the shed near the back door. I can't go out there and fetch it. I'm not going out there alone."

"I'll fetch it. Just come with me and show me where it is. Just come to the kitchen door with me."

He opened the kitchen door, and she stood with him, and pointed to the shed, a few yards away. The rain still fell, still soundlessly. Somewhere some water was running gurgling down a drain. Otherwise there was no noise, either in the trees which pressed down upon the cottage or in the glistening bushes which edged their way to within a few feet of the back door.

He shone his torch, first on the shed then on the bushes, and took a step forward, and suddenly stopped as the bushes shook violently and snow cascaded from them.



Now that the need for acting was past, she stood in front of the fireplace, massaging one hand with the other, staring at him with frightened eyes. A tall, gaunt woman, with a wide, sensual mouth.



Behind him he heard Lucy Shaw gasp and sob twice.

"It's probably only a rabbit," said Bradley, and walked towards the bushes. For a second he shone his torch at them, then made his way to the shed and gathered a trugful of sawn logs, and came back towards the kitchen.

Lucy Shaw stood watching him, afraid to go back into the house alone, afraid to go out into the night with him. She kept passing her hand over her smooth hair, nervously, restlessly, staring out into the night at him with her black, dilated eyes.

The crash of the broken window, the broken living-room window, made her turn and scream; caused Bradley to break into a run; and woke up the child. Bradley heard her calling: "Mummy! Mummy! What's that?"

Bradley carried the trug with one hand and with the other pushed Lucy Shaw into the house and whispered fiercely:

"Tell her I dropped a vase! Go on, tell her that!"

When the woman had done so, they went into

the living-room and saw the stone with the

piece of paper wrapped round it, lying

among the shattered fragments of

window-pane. Bradley picked it

up and smoothed out the paper,

and saw, in capital letters,

the word, ADULTERESS.

He handed it to Lucy

Shaw and said:

"He doesn't seem to think an awful lot of you, does he?"

The curtains

were stirring in

front of the

jagged hole in

the window.

Bradley flung

the logs down

by the side of

the fire and

said abruptly:

"I've had

enough of

this! I'm

going. You

can sort it out

yourself with

your husband.

It's no affair of

mine."

She flung her-

self at the door,

ashen-faced, and

stood in front of it,

barring his way.

"You can't leave me

here—alone!"

"Who can't?"

asked Bradley tonelessly, and

watched the curtains billowing

into the room as a sudden gust of

wind struck them.

"Where are the police?" gasped Lucy

Shaw. "Surely the first thing they do

is to send men to watch an escaped

convict's home?"

Bradley pointed to the telephone.

"Ring 'em up and tell 'em so. Ask

them where they are," he said. "Go on—ring them up."

She ran to the telephone and lifted the receiver, and listened. When

a few seconds had gone by, Bradley said:

"Perhaps the wire is down with the snow. Perhaps he's cut it—

you never know. They do it in books."

After a minute, the operator answered. Lucy Shaw held her breath

for a few seconds to control her voice, to try to restrain the tremor.

Then she said:

"I want the police! Tell the police to come! This is Mrs. Shaw,

Lark Cottage, Oak Lane, off the Skandale-Tollbrook road. Tell them

it's—it's very urgent! My life is in danger! My—there's an escaped

convict—a murderer—trying to get in!"

She replaced the receiver and stared at Bradley. He glanced at

his watch and said:

"They'll probably be here in half an hour. Three-quarters, at

the most. You'll be all right till then, I expect."

He moved towards the door.

She did not move, unable to believe that he was really going.

"It's no business of mine," he pointed out for the second time.

And when she clung to him and began to whimper, he said:

"Don't be daft. He won't kill you for not perjuring yourself at

his trial. He won't even kill you for carrying on with this podgy-faced,

blond brute." He waved towards the picture on the chimney-piece.

"Maybe he'll black your eye. Maybe he won't even do that, once

he's in the house and you can appeal to him. Men are queer that way."

But she clung to the door-handle, gaunt and unlovely, her black hair now in disarray, and when he tried to move her hands she suddenly flung herself against him, temporarily forcing him away from the door, and said:

"It's worse than that. He knew Leslie and I were in love, long before his uncle was killed."

"So what?" said Bradley, and moved again towards the door.

"You fool!" gasped Lucy Shaw. "Don't you understand what I'm trying to tell you? Leslie—Leslie Bond—traveller for Fred's firm, killed the old man, and stole the money, and planted the evidence against my husband, Fred Shaw—and I knew he had done it!"

"Did you now?" said Bradley mildly. "What's that to me?"

"And I let Fred go on trial for it, and I'd have let him die for it, too—and he knows it, and that's why he'll kill me if you go before the police arrive!"

"Fancy!" said Bradley, staring at her. "And your friend, where is he?"

"He left the country, saying he would come back when the case had blown over."

"And will he?"

"No!" said Lucy Shaw bitterly.

"Not voluntarily!"

As she spoke, her voice rose al-

most to a scream, and Brad-

ley, watching the hatred

flush her sallow face and

stretch her mouth into

a thin, straight line,

knew that the end

was at hand.

"Where is he?"

he asked abruptly.

"In Melbourne,

Australia, and

I'll damn well

tell the police

when they

arrive!"

"You may

be charged as

an accomplice

after the fact."

"What the

hell do I care!"

shouted Lucy

Shaw. "I'm

not going to be

done-in to-night,

nor twenty years

hence, to save

Leslie Bond, and I

don't care who

knows it!"

Bradley said, woodenly:

"If that's the way you

feel, and since you wish to

make a statement, I don't

mind telling you now that the

police are here already."

Lucy Shaw looked round. "Where?"

"Here," said Bradley, and put his hand

in his raincoat pocket and produced

his warrant-card. Almost automatically

his voice reverted to a routine drone

as he continued: "I am Superintendent

Bradley, of Scotland Yard. Ser-

geant Wood, I believe, has been listening outside that broken window.

If you wish to make a written statement, I have some foolscap sheets

of paper and a pen.

I must, however, warn you that you are not obliged to do so, and

that anything you say, or any written statement you make from

now onwards, may be used in evidence against you. I should perhaps

add that your husband was recaptured some three hours ago within

a few miles of the prison."

"What with you skylarking around, trespassing, making footprints,

and breaking windows," said Superintendent Bradley later to Sergeant

Wood, "and me extorting confessions through fear and subterfuge,

there's been enough crime committed at Lark Cottage to-night to fill

a sheaf of charge-sheets.

Funny, how I always had an uneasy feeling about that case,

even though I did collect the evidence which put Frederick Shaw

in the dock. Lucky she didn't attend the trial and know my

face."

He filled his pipe and added: "The kid'll be glad to be back with her

father for Christmas. I reckon she hated her mother. So did I, if it

comes to that," he said, striking a match.

"And so did I," said Sergeant Wood. "I was frozen stiff."

THE END.



She flung herself at the door, ashen-faced, and stood in front of it, barring his way. "You can't leave me here—alone!"



# A CHANNEL RESCUE

By LORD DUNSANY,

whose works include "A Dreamer's Tales," "My Talks with Dean Spanley," "The Travel Tales of Mr. Joseph Jorkens."

Illustrated by  
S. VAN ABBÉ.



THE senior clerk of the branch of Cobblar's Bank at Shellsea was walking one Saturday afternoon in July along the sand as the tide was running out, meaning to go to a cinema, when he saw a swimmer nearly half a mile from the shore. It seemed dangerous to be so far out, especially as the turn of the tide had set up a current that was drifting the swimmer along the coast to the right. He pulled out a small pair of opera glasses which he always took to the cinema, and he had not watched the swimmer's slow and slanting headway for long when he saw that it was a woman. A woman half a mile out, with the tide against her, and that current that always ran with the out-going tide! William Ablit was not a strong swimmer, but he had a strong sense of romance, and he pulled off his shoes at once and then his jacket, and threw them down anywhere, and went into the sea without even taking his watch out of his pocket. Then he noticed a little launch not very far from the lady, and he stood in the water and shouted, but no one on board seemed to notice. There were only two men on board, and he realised that little waves could easily hide the head of the swimmer from them. So he stopped and shouted again. But there must have been more wind than he thought, for they did not seem to hear him.

It was a long walk at first, and it was some while before the water was over his knees. He did not go straight out, because of the current that was all the while slanting the swimmer away to the right; so William Ablit slanted to his right too. Once more he stopped and shouted to the men in the boat; but a rock or two began to show their green heads over the tide, and the boat came no nearer. Yet still the swimmer was obviously in deep water, and presently Ablit was out of his depth too. The lady was swimming strongly in spite of the current, but she was too far out for safety, and with that current running there was no saying how far down the coast she would go, or whether she could ever get ashore without help. But help was coming and, with the aid of the same current, Ablit drew near to her faster than he expected. Then she saw him. She swam on for a few strokes more, then gave a glance round at the launch and began to fail all of a sudden. He reached her just in time. How to hold up drowning people was not a thing that he knew much about, but his presence appeared to encourage her and she swam with stronger strokes, which helped them both. How dangerous it had been for her to be so far out he realised now more clearly than ever, for he himself felt weak in the grip of that current. But just as he felt he could do no more for either himself or the lady, he felt a rock with one foot, and, far from where they started, the current had drifted them to where his feet were soon upon good firm sand, and for the next 200 yards he carried the lady, till he put her down on the shore. Her thanks were profuse, in a strong French accent. She turned and waved twice at the men in the launch, with what Ablit supposed to be gestures of contempt because they had not tried to save her, and the launch went away. She was young, barely more than twenty, Ablit thought, and had that clear profile which in England we associate with Norman descent, but which across the Channel is common, and curls of chestnut brown strayed here and there from her bathing-cap. Ablit interrupted her thanks to say: "Have you been long in the water?"

"Not very long," said the lady, with a look in her lovely brown eyes that seemed too childishly innocent for any exact estimate of the passing of time.

"Was it far from here?" he asked her.

"Not very," she said.

"Then we must get there quickly," he told her, "before you get cold."

"That is the difficulty," she said.

"But what?" he asked.

"I cannot now remember exactly where it was," she replied.

"You cannot remember?" he asked.

"Not exactly," she said.

"But where do you think it was?" he insisted.

She puckered her forehead in thought. "It must have been one of those bathing-huts," she said. "But I can't remember the number."



How dangerous it had been for her to be so far out he realised now more clearly than ever, for he himself felt weak in the grip of that current.

And she pointed to where the little canvas huts stood in two long rows on the shore away to the left.

"Perhaps you will remember when you see it," said he.

"Yes, yes," she said. "I will remember then."

And she started away towards the row of huts. And he was coming with her, but she said: "No. I am all right now. I must get to my clothes and we will meet later. Tell me your name and where you live, and I will come back."

He told her, and she told her name, Marguerite Estelles, but not where she lived, and as he began to ask her that she ran off alone to the bathing-huts, calling over her shoulder: "At teatime to-morrow. That is five o'clock. No?" Then she was gone.

Ablit stood there on the sand for a while in his wet clothes, wondering. He had never seen her in the town before, though of course there were many others in that big resort whom he had never seen. He lived with his mother in a house in a little square, three sides of which were all houses, and the fourth side a view of the sea. It was not like any London square, because no road came through the corners, and one of those corners, with the downs rising behind it, sheltered his small home. There he went and told the story to his mother, who was stirred by the romance of the rescue and a little wistful at the thought that from such a romance might come the loss to her of her son. And then she asked questions. William only wanted to talk of the girl's beauty; but his mother wanted to know what she did, and why, if she was French, she lived in Shellsea, and where in Shellsea she lived. To all this her son could only reply that she was coming to tea to-morrow, when she would tell them everything. And to-morrow came, as it does, and just before five o'clock, as they both looked out of the window of Mrs. Ablit's front room along the pavement towards the sea, they saw a very neatly dressed girl walking alone towards them. And it was Marguerite. She walked up the steps of Mrs. Ablit's house, as it seemed rather shyly, and then rang the bell. The parlourmaid let her in and then she was in the drawing-room before Mrs. Ablit and her son, dressed in very well-fitting French clothes and looking wonderfully unlike the weary swimmer he rescued. But it was the same lovely face, lit by changing smiles, which had so charmed William yesterday; and the chestnut hair that had only peeped from her bathing-cap shone now in profusion around her neat hat and her forehead.



William introduced her, and his mother greeted her and welcomed her to Shellsea, but her greetings soon turned to questions. Did she like Shellsea? "Very much," said Marguerite Estelles. Had she lived there long? "Not very." Where was she living? "In the Grand Hotel," said Marguerite.

"The Grand!" exclaimed Mrs. Ablit. "I am sure you are very comfortable there."

"Very."

"And do your father and mother live at the Grand?"

"Not at the Grand."

"You are French, are you not?" said Mrs. Ablit.

"Oh, yes," replied Marguerite.

"And do your father and mother live in England?"

"No. In France."

"I see."

But Mrs. Ablit did not see. There was nothing to see. And politely, and even talkatively, Marguerite Estelles gave no information whatever. There it was. And there it remained over the teacups till the dregs of the tea were cold. Mrs. Ablit's questions continued as much as politeness would allow, and the rapier of Marguerite's tongue parried them all. Then she rose to go. William and Mrs. Ablit looked at each other. What was to be done? William was in love with the girl: they both knew that. But who was she? Where were her parents? One could not marry a mermaid.

book and said that Mademoiselle Estelles was staying there and gave the number of her room. Then he went back to the bank, and at four o'clock returned to the Grand, at which he and Marguerite had arranged to have tea. As he approached it he saw the two men from the launch coming out of the hotel.

It was not the kind of coincidence that could be without meaning, and he felt sure that they had come to see Marguerite. So they knew her. And William Ablit stopped them and questioned them further in French. But their answers were vague at first and, when he pressed them for more information, they spoke rapidly and then dropped into *patois*. After all, he had no right to question them, and they evidently did not mean him to understand them. In the lounge he found Marguerite, with tea all ready for him and she was charming; but, although her evasions were more delicate than those of the men in the boat, he got no more information about herself from her than he had from them. Her shining eyes and all her fascination lured him towards her all the time and towards happiness, and all the while there came down between him and her that mystery darker and darker, shutting him off from happiness. Sometimes she checked his questions by profuse thanks to him for having rescued her from the sea, and he left her that afternoon knowing nothing more about her.

That evening he and his mother talked it all over again. But all they knew of the girl was that she was French and on a visit to Shellsea, and that she was beautiful. Again next day William Ablit had tea



The man looked up at once and seemed ready to talk; but when he asked about Marguerite Estelles he could not understand English. So Ablit spoke in such French as he knew; but the man's answers were vague. . . .

Marguerite had left them so gaily, full of thanks to William for her rescue, and to Mrs. Ablit for kind hospitality. But she left them puzzled and glum. Mrs. Ablit asked more questions of her son; but they were all of no avail, for he knew no more of the girl than she did. William knew her beauty with a different knowledge from that of his mother, knowing it with the sure eyes of youth; but his mother saw the same beauty reflected, as it were, in her experience of life, and knew just what that beauty seemed to the eyes of William. But there was no more to be said; nothing but guesses; but they were all idle.

Next morning William Ablit walked early into the town before he went to the bank, walking with no particular purpose along the sea-front, though some magnet drew his feet all the while to the Grand Hotel. And then as he walked, he saw suddenly under the lee of the pier the launch that had turned away as Marguerite landed. He recognised it at once and saw two men on board her. A drowning man can hardly expect straws to support him, and yet it is said that he clutches at them, and in all this mystery William Ablit clutched at those two men, who at least had seen Marguerite, although at a distance; and he knew nobody else, beside himself and his mother, who had. He could ask about her at the hotel, but what did hotels know of anybody? They were only numbers there. He would ask those two men. So he turned on to the pier and walked till he was alongside the little launch and only a few yards away, and hailed one of the men. The man looked up at once and seemed ready to talk; but when he asked about Marguerite Estelles he could not understand English. So Ablit spoke in such French as he knew; but the man's answers were vague, and he turned to the other man, but could get no more information from him. So he went to the Grand Hotel and asked about her there; but they only referred to a

at the Grand with Marguerite Estelles and walked in the garden afterwards. And that day among the myrtles they got engaged. For, mystery or no mystery, he was going to marry her. When he told all this to his mother she was sad, even though she had seen it coming, for though she liked the girl very much, she definitely declared that her son could not marry a mystery, and that far more must be known about how Marguerite came to Shellsea and why, before she could give her consent. Her William was downcast and puzzled, and, odd though it seems, some hours passed before it occurred to him to go to the girl and tell her exactly what the difficulty was. And this he did the next day, instead of having his lunch when the lunch-hour came at the bank. He went to the Grand and found her, and began to put the question before her with clumsy sentences; and he had not got far when Marguerite told him suddenly the whole story. She had not really swum from the bathing-huts; but she had said she had because she was so touched and grateful when she saw William swimming out to save her, that she had not the heart to tell him any other story. She had been taught that it was wrong to tell a lie, and she knew it well, and she would never tell one again. But surely the heart came first, and she could not make a brave young man feel ridiculous. No, she had come from the other side, really. From France; not from the bathing-huts. And her manager in the launch said she had made excellent time. But she had told him to go away and had not allowed him to publish it; because what would William have thought if he had learned that he had not rescued her, when all the credit in the world was due to him for his brave desire to do so? So she had given up her credit for the Channel swim, for the credit that he deserved so much more. Was it wrong? After all, she could swim the Channel one day again. It was only La Manche.

THE END.



# THE CELEBRITY

By BUDD SCHULBERG,

Author of "The Harder they Fall,"  
"The Disenchanted," and "Some Faces  
in the Crowd."

Illustrated by D. L. WYNNE.

**K**ENNETH CHANNING BAXTER studied the young man who had answered his ad. in the *Saturday Review*. He not only studied him but was conscious of doing so, for as readers of Kenneth Channing Baxter's famous novels knew, K.C.B. was a Great Student of Human Nature. An adulatory profile in a national magazine had quoted the great man as saying that his vocation was also his avocation, for "I have a passion for studying people—reading their faces, their gestures, their silences; my fellow-man never ceases to fascinate, challenge and amuse me."

That was a characteristic observation of K.C.B.'s. His first novel had been an instantaneous success when he was only twenty-eight, and for the past two decades he had failed only once in his admirable ambition to "give my public a novel every two years."

"In this most uncertain of enterprises," his happy publisher was fond of saying, "a Baxter novel is one of the few sure things. He's America's answer to Somerset Maugham."

America's answer leaned back in his bright red leather wing chair, tenderly caressing the rich, brown bowl of his Dunhill, and smiled reservedly on the young man who wished to become his secretary. It was a smile such as is sometimes seen on a sleek, well-cared-for cat while regarding the mouse she has trapped but has not yet molested.

In this case the mouse—or, rather, the young man—was a decidedly unprepossessing creature. He was slight and pale and on the reedy side. He wore an unpressed 30-dollar suit bought from a small-town store on the occasion of his graduation from college.

It was not even what Baxter would consider one of the real colleges—he was a Williams man himself but one of his sons was at Princeton and the other was prepping at Lawrenceville.

The young man was a graduate of the local State teachers' college, where he had done some proctoring while getting his master's in English Literature. He seemed rather nervous and, in the course of Baxter's direct and somewhat blunt questioning (K.C.B. prided himself on his "frankness"), the young man would lick his lips and blink his eyes. He also—Baxter detected—had a tendency to stammer.

Baxter had doubts about him. Even the name, Sheldon Dicks, seemed a little odd and unworldly. A young lady from Bryn Mawr had impressed the author as far more efficient and presentable; a bit too much of the latter, in fact, and for that reason Baxter had passed her over.

He had his own writing-house directly on the lake, several hundred yards removed from the main house, and since it was sometimes his habit to dictate at night, neighbours might talk. People in the lime-light were invariably victimised by vicious gossip. If he had had more time he would have liked to interview some others—but he was in something of a jam at the moment.

His most recent novel, "My Father's House," had not only soared right to the top of the best-seller lists but had received an inordinate amount of critical acclaim. Reviewers were calling it "the most mature work this penetrating craftsman has given us."

There were fan letters to answer, at the rate of about twenty a day, Baxter told the young man. And there were telephone calls. The young man would have to use his ingenuity in separating the nuisance calls from the real thing. And there was the lecture and public appearance calendar to be kept up. And callers to be protected from—auto-graph hounds, publicity seekers, job-wanters, salesmen, charity solicitors—"they would all crawl in and carry me off in little pieces if we didn't keep a strong bolt on the door."

Sheldon Dicks bore little resemblance to a strong bolt, but he said he would try. Baxter told his new secretary that it would also be his responsibility to see that the writing-table was supplied with paper, typewriter ribbons, pencils, erasers, and the like. "Two dozen pencils sharpened to a fine point ready at nine each morning—that has been my rule for over twenty years," said Kenneth Channing Baxter.



America's answer leaned back in his bright red leather wing chair, tenderly caressing the rich, brown bowl of his Dunhill, and smiled reservedly on the young man who wished to become his secretary.

The young man said very well, he would attend to all these details so capably that the illustrious author would be free to concentrate exclusively on the plot, theme and characters of his work in progress.

"And then there are the archives," the novelist said. "The Princeton Library has set aside a Baxter Room, where all of my manuscripts, proofs, correspondence, reviews, notebooks, and clippings are being collected. So you will also be in charge of what I immodestly call the Posterity Department."

Sheldon Dicks promised to take charge of Baxter's posterity.

"Now one final word," Baxter said, in his fame-weary voice. "I see in your references here that you have published a few poems and things in college magazines. One of the banes of my career is the budding, would-be, never-will-be writer. Friends who beg me to look over the first three chapters of their young nephew's novel. Young men who write that they want nothing from me but half an hour of advice. Everybody in this world seems to have a manuscript. There's a literary diamond in the rough behind every bush and under every bed, so to speak."

Sheldon Dicks observed that this sort of mixed metaphor was not unknown to Baxter's prose style, but his face remained expressionlessly earnest, a weapon of passive resistance he had developed to balance his sensitivity to incompetent or graceless speech and text. "—so," Baxter was continuing, "if you have any literary ambitions, if you aspire to be another T. S. Eliot or William Faulkner or even poor K. C. Baxter, I say that is splendid—provided you do not cultivate this ambition on my time or with my knowledge. In other words, no grubby little manuscripts shoved under my nose with a snivelling 'If you like this enough I wondered if you'd be good enough to show it to your publisher.'"

Sheldon Dicks did have a manuscript—a number of them, in fact—and he couldn't help wondering how Kenneth Channing Baxter had got his start. Had he sprung fully blown as a Famous Novelist out of some publisher's brain? But he put the question and the impertinence out of his mind. A room of his own in the writing-cottage and 75 dollars per week seemed a perfectly good reason for saying, "I promise not to inflict any manuscripts on you, Mr. Baxter."

Somewhat to Baxter's surprise, Sheldon Dicks turned out to be the most satisfactory secretary ever in his employ. He was efficient. He was unobtrusive. He was resourceful. He was able to answer the fan mail without even bothering to consult the author. And Baxter had to admit that the letters were every bit as good as if he had composed them himself.

Before the end of the first year young Dicks, on his own initiative, was writing Baxter's lectures for him, and even magazine articles. It rather gave Baxter a start to be told by a friend of his at the Lotus Club that his article on "What I Think of Our Young Novelists" was one of the finest bits of critical work the author had done. "Quite frankly, old boy," his friend had said with an ingenuous twinkle, "I



was beginning to think that you were going to seed, but this piece proves you have wit and vitality and ideas to spare."

In addition, Sheldon Dicks had rare gifts as a typist. In the course of transcribing a Baxter manuscript, he would tighten the sentences, improve the syntax, judiciously change a word or sharpen a phrase so that when the finished copy was submitted to Baxter's publishers, the editor wrote that he was happy to see that "the old master, like fine wine, is definitely improving with age."

One day, after Sheldon Dicks had been with Baxter for a number of years and was so firmly established in the Baxter *ménage* that he was referred to by Mrs. Baxter and the household staff as The Shadow, he came into the author's study to inform his lord that it was time to dress for his radio interview and that he had a few letters to be signed.

had conceded to his wife. "I would sooner talk with him than with half the writers and publishers I know."

So now Baxter looked up at his secretary and repeated his question. "Seriously, Sheldon, what is your honest opinion of 'Moondays'?" When he noticed the younger man's hesitation, he added, "Go ahead. I won't bite your head off. I'm not insisting you tell me it's better than 'War and Peace.'"

The wisp of humour seemed to be wasted on the young man. "Mr. Baxter, if you don't start now, you'll be late for your broadcast."

"Oh, bother the broadcast! I'll make it—Lloyd drives as if he's in the 500 at Indianapolis. But tell me now—I insist—" for suddenly he had to know—"what do you think of 'Moondays'? And 'My Father's House'? And 'Second Harvest'? And—what is your opinion of the body of my work? Of my place, shall we say, in American letters?"



There was a long and (what used it to be called?) pregnant pause: "Mr. Baxter, since you insist on my telling you this—I do not think you have any place in American letters."

They made a rather nice composition, Baxter thought, the author in his dark *suede* smoking-jacket against the red leather of the wing chair and the mild-mannered ghost of a secretary bending over him in attentive submission.

As Baxter signed the first letter, thanking a reader for calling him "his favourite writer since Galsworthy," an impulse prompted him to realise that in all these years—nearly ten it was now—Sheldon Dicks had never volunteered an opinion of any one of the five novels he had typed and proof-read so conscientiously.

"By the way, Sheldon," Baxter said without looking up, "what do you think of the new book?"

Sheldon Dicks' sensitive, bird-like face betrayed no emotion. "I don't feel it my place to comment, Sir," he said.

Baxter frowned. "But, after all, Sheldon, we're—we're more than author and secretary now. I would say we've gotten to be friends."

It was true that Baxter had advanced Dicks as much as 500 dollars on occasion, to meet such emergencies as the death of his mother and the collapse of one lung. And during the last year or so, Baxter had fallen into the habit of lunching with Dicks at the cottage, during which time he would relax from the rigours of his work by chatting with Dicks on politics, the state of literature, modern art, the aerial ruts of television, and other subjects of the moment.

Often he found that Dicks' ideas and phrases could be fitted quite neatly into his own work in progress. "Dicks has a nice mind," Baxter

There was a long and (what used it to be called?) pregnant pause.

"Mr. Baxter, since you insist on my telling you this—I do not think you have any place in American letters."

On Kenneth Channing Baxter's face there was no mark, but the look was that of a man who has been sharply flicked by a leather whip.

"My dear boy . . ."

"I think you are the most over-rated writer in America to-day," the words of Sheldon Dicks poured through the vents that suddenly had been opened after having been sealed for years. "Every age has its forgotten heroes and its renowned nonentities. Their pan is their own lifetime or a part of it and they flash in it with the spectacular impermanence of fireflies. When Melville was a neglected Customs inspector, for instance, there was a whole covey of lady writers being discussed in the serious reviews as if they were the female counterparts of Tolstoy and Turgenev."

Except for the fact that his teeth clenched round the bit of his pipe more severely than usual, Baxter managed to look like the poised, confident Man of Letters who has received not one but a brace of Pulitzer Prizes.

"At least I admire your frankness. Naturally your—uh—subnormal estimate of my literary powers will not have the slightest bearing on our professional relationship."

Kenneth Channing Baxter believed that and thought of himself as adhering to this principle scrupulously. A few months later, when he

(Continued on page 35.)



# "THE GOLDEN COCKEREL."

THE RUSSIAN FAIRY-TALE STORY OF RIMSKY-KORSAKOV'S OPERA "LE COQ D'OR."



ANY hundreds of years ago King Dodon held his Court in old Muscovy. His city was built with the most extravagant fantasy; his palace was sumptuous; his peace-loving people were loyal and he had two sons. But there was one disturbing factor—the warlike neighbours. The worry and expense of organising defence oppressed and bored his Majesty, and the advice of his experienced general conflicted with that proffered by his sons, the Princes Guidon and Afron. Prince Guidon one day suggested consulting the stars; and immediately an Astrologer appeared. This personage declared that he could provide King Dodon with a Golden Cockerel, which would send out messages of warning should danger threaten. King Dodon found this solution to his problems difficult to accept at first, but when the Golden Cockerel was produced, and after being presented, declared in a clear voice that his Majesty could reign in peace, he was delighted. He accepted the offer of the magical bird, and asked the Astrologer to name his reward. On hearing this question the Astrologer began to talk of legal indebtedness and documents—subjects which bored King Dodon to such a degree that he summarily dismissed the Astrologer before getting anything settled.

The Golden Cockerel having been installed, King Dodon sank into his luxurious bed and relapsed into slumber, only broken by a dream of a beautiful woman. But soon the Golden Cockerel sounded the alert, and the King's sons set out at the head of their troops. Their

him to avoid running into danger. When King Dodon reached the scene of action he found tragic proof of the enemy's success. Corpses were strewn in every direction, and in the centre of the grisly field lay the bodies of his two sons, the Princes Guidon and Afron, each transfixed by a sword, having slain each other by a misapprehension. At this sight the old King was overcome with grief and burst into tears; but when he had mastered his sorrow sufficiently to look up, his eyes met an astonishing sight. From the stricken field a pavilion, draped in lovely silks, had risen magically; and while the soldiers were apprehensively preparing to defend themselves against attack, a lovely sorceress, the Queen of Shemakhan, stepped forth and invited Dodon and his general to feast with her. The general demurred, and Dodon dismissed him.

The Queen then began to make love to the old King, and he forgot his double bereavement and the nearness of the enemy. In obedience to the cajolings of the sorceress, Dodon even tried to sing and to dance, and, indifferent to the absurd figure he presented, continued to caper and prance until he fell to the ground exhausted yet foolishly triumphant, for the Queen of Shemakhan had promised to become his bride.

A Royal procession was then formed to bring the King and his Betrothed back to his capital. Dodon and the sorceress rode in a great golden chariot, and their *cortège* included soldiers, slaves, grotesque giants, dwarfs and one-eyed and dog-headed attendants. A rapturous welcome awaited them on the return to the capital, though the bride's air of boredom was noticeable to everyone except the besotted King. As soon as they arrived, the sky became overcast, and a clap of thunder heralded the appearance of the Astrologer, come to claim his reward for the Golden Cockerel—no less than a demand for the Queen of Shemakhan. At first Dodon imagined this to be a jest, but when he realised that it was a serious claim, he was so overcome with wrath that he struck out with his sceptre at the Astrologer—then, fearful for the possible results of this rash, impetuous deed, he turned to his bride for consolation, only to be met with peals of laughter, and,



A PERFECT EVOCATION OF THE MYSTERIOUS CHARACTER OF THE PERSONAGE: THE ASTROLOGER, OF "LE COQ D'OR"—LOUDON SAINTHILL'S DESIGN.



A PORTLY, EASE-LOVING FIGURE: KING DODON. LOUDON SAINTHILL'S DESIGN FOR THE CHARACTER IN COVENT GARDEN'S 1954 REVIVAL OF "LE COQ D'OR."

armies fared badly; and in a short while the Golden Cockerel again cried its warning, and the old King was obliged to shake off his lethargy and put on his armour—which had been so long neglected that it was rusty and too small for his ample figure—and sally forth at the head of the remaining troops, followed by the prayers of his loving people, who begged



THE RAVISHING QUEEN OF SHEMAKHAN: THE COSTUME DESIGNED BY LOUDON SAINTHILL FOR THIS CHARACTER IN RIMSKY-KORSAKOV'S OPERA "LE COQ D'OR."

while he cowered beneath her scorn, the Golden Cockerel flew towards Dodon and struck him dead with its beak. Thunder sounded once more, night veiled the city; and when the darkness lifted, the Golden Cockerel, the Queen and the Astrologer had vanished and the sorrowing people were left with the body of their dead King.

From the original drawings by Loudon Sainthill.





COLOURFUL AND MYSTERIOUS IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE ATMOSPHERE OF THE RIMSKY-KORSAKOV FAIRY-TALE OPERA, "LE COQ D'OR": THE CURTAIN DESIGNED BY LOUDON SAINTHILL FOR THE SUCCESSFUL REVIVAL AT COVENT GARDEN OPERA HOUSE THIS YEAR.



THE COUNCIL CHAMBER AND COURTYARD OF KING DODON'S PALACE ON THE STEPPES OF SOUTHERN RUSSIA: THE OPENING SCENE IN THE COVENT GARDEN OPERA HOUSE REVIVAL OF "LE COQ D'OR," WITH DÉCOR BY LOUDON SAINTHILL.

## THE WORLD OF RUSSIAN FAIRY-TALE BRILLIANTLY EVOKED AT COVENT GARDEN OPERA HOUSE: LOUDON SAINTHILL'S DESIGNS FOR "LE COQ D'OR."

The Pushkin story of *Le Coq d'Or* is the fairy-tale on which Rimsky-Korsakov's opera is based. It was first performed in Moscow in 1909; and later given by the Diaghilev Company, with choreography by Michel Fokine, in Paris and London. The opera returned to the *répertoire* of Covent Garden Opera Company in its original form this

year, with imaginative and splendid settings and costumes by Loudon Sainthill, some of which we reproduce here and on facing and following pages. It was so finely presented that it was chosen for the Gala Royal Performance in honour of the King and Queen of Sweden last June. [From the original drawings by Loudon Sainthill.]





INCLUDING A ONE-EYED, GREEN-FACED SLAVE AND A CROWNED, DOG-HEADED ATTENDANT: COSTUMES AND MASKS DESIGNED BY LOUDON SAINTHILL FOR THE ROYAL PROCESSION OF KING DODON AND THE QUEEN OF SHEMAKHAN IN THE SECOND ACT OF THE OPERA "LE COQ D'OR."



BEARING STRANGE TOKENS, SERPENTS AND SPHINXES: GIANT AND ANIMAL ATTENDANTS IN FANTASTIC ATTIRE AND MASKS DESIGNED BY LOUDON SAINTHILL FOR THE COVENT GARDEN PRODUCTION OF THE RIMSKY-KORSAKOV OPERA "LE COQ D'OR."

## STRANGE MUSCOVITE FANTASY CREATED FOR COVENT GARDEN: ONE-EYED, DOG-FACED, AND OTHER AMAZING ATTENDANTS FOR KING DODON AND HIS BRIDE IN "LE COQ D'OR."

The strangeness of the personalities of Pushkin's fantastic fairy story which forms the basis of Rimsky-Korsakov's opera *Le Coq d'Or* (words by Vladimir Byelsky: English version by Edward Agate) calls for imaginative power on the part of the designer of the décor; and for the Covent Garden 1954 revival Loudon Sainthill grasped the opportunities

boldly, without ever falling into mere oddity. On this page we reproduce some of the grotesque and yet impressive and decorative masks and costumes he designed for the attendants in the Royal procession of King Dodon and his promised bride, the Queen of Shemakhan. [From the original drawings by Loudon Sainthill.]





*Continued.]*

a desert mountain pass and swear to avenge the death of the Princes, and their defeat. Dawn breaks and suddenly a brilliantly-coloured silken pavilion rises from the stony desert before their astonished gaze. They fear it must be the enemy commander's tent, but the curtains are drawn back and a lovely woman appears, the sorceress Queen of Shemakhan. In this year's revival of the presentation at Covent Garden the rôle of the Astrologer, which requires a peculiar type of voice, the tenor-altino, was sung by Hugues Cuenod; the Queen of Shemakhan was presented brilliantly by Mattiwilda Dobbs, and King Dodon was sung by Howell Glynne. The *Coq d'Or* was chosen for the Gala Performance at Covent Garden in June in honour of the King and Queen of Sweden, which was witnessed by the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh and other members of the Royal family.

*From the original drawings by Loudon Sainthill.*

(ABOVE.)  
"A MOUNTAIN PASS BEFORE DAWN" AFTER KING DODON'S ARMIES HAVE BEEN DEFEATED: THE GRIM, ROCKY PEAKS AMONG WHICH HE AND HIS GENERAL SWEAR TO AVENGE THE DEATHS OF THE PRINCES.

THE *Coq d'Or*, or "Golden Cockerel," which returned this year to the *répertoire* of the Covent Garden Opera Company, opens with a prologue in which the Astrologer explains that the audience is about to see a fairy-tale opera with no relation to truth, though they may find a moral in it. The scenery calls for splendour and magical effects, and Loudon Sainthill's *décor* triumphantly provided them. In Act II., the King and his general arrive in

*(Continued above, right.)*



(RIGHT.)  
RISING FROM THE STONY DESERT WITH MAGICAL SUDDENNESS: A SILKEN PAVILION FOR ROYAL DALLIANCE, WHICH KING DODON AT FIRST BELIEVES TO BE THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE ENEMY COMMANDER, BUT FINDS IS THE TENT OF THE LOVELY QUEEN OF SHEMAKHAN.

THE MAGIC OF OLD MUSCOVITE FAIRYLAND AT COVENT GARDEN: THE DESERT MOUNTAIN PASS FROM WHICH A SILKEN PAVILION FOR ROYAL DALLIANCE RISES IN "LE COQ D'OR."





THE PATRON SAINT OF CHILDREN, WHOSE NAME HAS BEEN CORRUPTED INTO "SANTA KLAUS": ST. NICHOLAS RAISING MURDERED BOYS FROM THE DEAD.



THE PSALMIST KING FROM WHOSE LINE THE SAVIOUR OF MANKIND WAS BORN AT CHRISTMASTIDE: KING DAVID, KNEELING IN PRAYER, HIS HARP BESIDE HIM.



THE PRINCIPAL PATRONESS OF PARIS: ST. GENEVIEVE, BORN c. 422 AT NANTERRE, WHO SUFFERED PERSECUTION AND CALUMNIES WITH RESIGNATION.



THE PATRON SAINT OF PHILOSOPHERS: ST. CATHERINE WITH THE WHEEL WHICH FLEW TO PIECES BEFORE SHE COULD BE BROKEN ON IT.

## THE CHRISTMAS SAINT FROM WHOM "SANTA KLAUS" DERIVES, AND OTHER CHARACTERS OF CHRISTIAN HISTORY AND TRADITION: IN 15TH-CENTURY FRENCH MINIATURES.

These beautiful French miniatures date from c. 1430 and come from an Illuminated Manuscript known as the Tarleton Hours from the same atelier as the British Museum M.S. Cotton Vespasian A XIX. St. Nicholas, often called "of Bari," is the Patron Saint of Children; and the popular "Santa Klaus" is the corruption of his name. The miracles imputed to him include the raising from the dead of three murdered boys who had been placed in a brine tub; and the custom which English children follow of hanging out their stockings on Christmas Eve, and that of French children putting out their shoes both derive from St. Nicholas, who placed dowries in the shoes

of the daughters of a worthy, though indigent man, while they slept. St. Genevieve, Principal Patroness of Paris, urged the inhabitants to defend the city against the Huns, and is said to have been consulted by Clovis. St. Catherine of Alexandria, the Patron Saint of Philosophers, is one of the saints most frequently represented by artists. She is usually shown with the wheel, on which she was to have been broken, and the sword with which she was later beheaded. She is said to have argued with fifty pagan philosophers and overcome them; and the wheel flew in pieces before the executioner could begin his wicked work of breaking the Saint upon it.





1. URSULA'S HAND IS SOUGHT IN MARRIAGE: KING AGRIPPINUS ASKS FOR HER AS A WIFE FOR HIS SON CONAN.
3. THE ARRIVAL AT TIEL ON THE WAAL, IN GELDERLAND: ST. URSULA IS BEING RECEIVED BY SIGILLINDIS.

2. THE EMBARKATION: ST. URSULA, AND FLORENTINA, DAUGHTER OF KING AGRIPPINUS, WITH THEIR MAIDENS, LEAVE ON THE PILGRIMAGE.
4. THE MIRACULOUS GREETING IN COLOGNE: ST. URSULA, AS SHE STEPS ASHORE HOLDS CONVERSE WITH AN ANGEL.

## THE STORY OF A MARTYRED BRITISH PRINCESS: THE ST. URSULA LEGEND, BY A LATE 15TH-CENTURY FLEMISH PAINTER.

St. Ursula, the British Princess who, with her 11,000 maidens, is said to have been martyred at Cologne by the Huns, is commemorated on October 21. The full legend of the deaths of the Saint and her attendants probably dates from between 900 and 1100 A.D. and has inspired numerous artists. A gifted but unknown Flemish painter who worked at Bruges under the influence of Roger van der Weyden and Memling at the end of the fifteenth

century, has left us one of the most beautiful of the early illustrations of the story; and is known as The Master of the St. Ursula Legend. The illustrations, which consist of two sets of four panels each, depict various episodes. They are the property of the Convent of the Sœurs Noires, Bruges, and through the generosity of this body, they were on view at the Exhibition of Flemish Art, 1300-1700, at the Royal Academy last winter.

*Reproduced by Courtesy of the Convent of the Sœurs Noires, Bruges.*





1. THE DEPARTURE FROM BASEL WITH, IN THE DISTANCE, POPE CYRIACUS ADVANCING TO MEET ST. URSULA IN ROME.

3. THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. URSULA AND HER MAIDENS IN COLOGNE: THE SAINT, STRUCK BY AN ARROW, IS FALLING BACKWARDS IN HER SHIP.

2. ST. URSULA LEAVES ROME ON HER RETURN JOURNEY: THE SAINT IS ACCOMPANIED BY POPE CYRIACUS AND OTHER ECCLESIASTICS.

4. THE VENERATION OF ST. URSULA'S RELICS: MEN AND WOMEN KNEELING BEFORE AN IMAGE OF THE SAINT IN A CHAPEL DEDICATED TO HER.

### THE STORY OF A MARTYRED BRITISH PRINCESS: THE ST. URSULA LEGEND, BY A LATE 15TH-CENTURY FLEMISH PAINTER.

The story of St. Ursula as depicted by the late fifteenth-century Flemish artist known as The Master of the St. Ursula Legend, tells how Ursula, Christian daughter of the British King of Cornwall (?), is asked for in marriage by the pagan King Agrippinus for his son Conan. Warned in a dream, the Saint asks for three years' respite before marriage; and she and her 11,000 maidens set out in eleven triremes for Thiel on the Waal,

in Gelderland. Thence they sail up the Rhine by way of Cologne to Basel, where they make fast their ships and proceed to Rome on foot. They are there welcomed by Pope Cyriacus, who leaves the city with them. On arrival at Cologne, the Saint and her whole company of maidens are murdered in the presence of the local tyrant, Maximus. Their relics are piously collected and interred at Cologne, where they are long venerated.

*Reproduced by Courtesy of the Convent of the Sœurs Noires, Bruges.*





"THE PROVERBS", BY DAVID TENIERS II, A FAMOUS 17<sup>TH</sup>-CENTURY FLEMISH PAINTER'S "PUZZLE PROVERB PICTURE" ILLUSTRATING THE FOLLIES AND FOIBLES OF MANKIND OF HIS DAY.

This painting "The Proverbs," by David Teniers II, (1610-1690), the most famous of the three artists of that name, was on view at the Royal Academy Exhibition of Flemish Art last winter; and must have seemed a "Puzzle Picture" to any visitor who tried to identify the proverbs illustrated by the activities of the numerous personages represented. The Duke of Rutland, by whose courtesy we are able to reproduce this fascinating painting, has supplied us with the following information in regard to it. It illustrates both proverbs and expressions of the period; and

was inspired by an anonymous print, probably published in Antwerp in the first part of the seventeenth century, entitled "L'abus du monde icy voyez Ou bien proverbes ordonnez Sur se qui se fait chaque jour Tant par le peuple, que le Cour." ("The errors of the world here see, or rather proverbs arranged to show what goes on every day among the people, and equally at Court"). Joh. Galle (1600-1676) published in Antwerp a revised copy of this print, with Flemish and French explanations of the 73 proverbs illustrated, and gave it a new title, "Le Vray Portraict des Abus du Monde

Renversé" ("The True Portraict of the Errors of the World Upside Down"). From this contemporary print a list of the sayings and proverbs was made, and used to identify a number of those illustrated in the Duke of Rutland's picture. This has enabled us to publish a key which is given on page 40. Out of the 73 proverbs of the print, some 43 have been identified in the Belvoir painting; and it is interesting to observe that Teniers omitted all the coarse ones. It will be noted that some proverbs are variants of present-day sayings; others have no modern equivalent;

and in some cases the explanation is slightly fanciful. The blue globe suspended over the door of the house represents "the world upside down." Peter Brueghel I, (1525-1569), who was the grandfather of David Teniers II's first wife, painted a work introducing some of the proverbs, but he did not include all those illustrated by David Teniers II, who is also called David Teniers the Younger. He was a pupil of his father, David Teniers the Elder; worked at Antwerp and from 1651-6 in Brussels as Court Painter and Gallery Director to the Archduke Leopold William.

Reproduced by Courtesy of His Grace the Duke of Rutland.



THE paintings reproduced on these and the following pages are by Mr. William Stewart, who has also supplied information to explain the technical activities which they depict. They illustrate some of the activities which go on back-stage in order that the Christmas pantomimes, which young and old enjoy equally during the holidays, shall be presented with their lavish variety of scenery and spectacle. The Flying Ballet, now one of the most popular features of pantomime, and of stage shows on the Continent, was first used in the '90's at the old Surrey Theatre. It is operated on the multiplying-winch principle, with thick, soft ropes for the manipulators and fine wires attached to

[Continued below, right.]



HOW THE FLYING BALLET, SO POPULAR A FEATURE OF THE CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME, BECOMES AIRBORNE: STAGE HANDS ARE OPERATING THE ROPES WHICH ENABLE THE BALLET DANCERS TO MAKE AERIAL FLIGHTS. THE PROMPT IS ON THE LEFT-HAND SIDE, FACING THE AUDIENCE.



SUGGESTIVE OF A SCENE ON BOARD A SAILING-SHIP: THE FLYMEN, HAULING ON ROPES ATTACHED TO TOP BATTENS OF SUSPENDED SCENERY IN ORDER TO RAISE IT. THEY OPERATE FROM PLATFORMS KNOWN AS THE "FLIES," ON THE INSIDE OF THE STAGE WALLS.

[Continued.]  
harness worn by the members of the ballet. Our picture shows the Prompt on the left-hand side of the stage facing the audience, with stage-hands operating the ropes which enable the dancers to make their aerial flights. Though the wires supporting the members of the ballet cannot be seen by the audience, they are of great strength. During a demonstration of the safety of the appliance, four 14-st. policemen were taken up 20 ft. on one wire, then swung from one side of the stage to the other. All questions as to safety were then dropped. Authority was satisfied. The "Flymen" work in the "Flies," which are platforms of about 25 ft. in height on the inside of the stage walls. From here the suspended

[Continued opposite.]





STAGE CARPENTERS AT WORK: THEY ARE SHOWN MAKING ADJUSTMENTS TO A "SET PIECE"—A PIECE OF SCENERY SMALLER THAN A "FLAT" AND EDGED WITH PLYWOOD THAT CAN BE CUT OUT TO REPRESENT REQUIRED SHAPES.

*Continued.]*

termed Stage Managers, for they control the stage staff under the direction of the Producer. Our picture shows two Stage Carpenters making adjustments to a "Set Piece"—that is to say, a piece of scenery much smaller than a "Flat" and edged with plywood so that it can be cut to represent the shapes required, such as leaves, flowers, balustrades and irregular forms. "Props," or the Property Man, is a one-man general store, for he always manages to produce what is wanted, in spite of the fact that Pantomime frequently calls for the most unusual properties. The word "Props" has a dual meaning, for it not only applies to the man, but also to the objects he produces, which are sub-divided into "Stage Props" and "Hand Props," the latter being anything which can be carried on-stage by the actors. For Pantomime, which entails many changes of scene and spectacular effects, the whole of each scene has to be marked out on the stage, a different colour being used for each scene, otherwise there would be a danger of certain pieces not "masking"—that is, there would be gaps through which the audience would see. On the English stage there has never been an exact term to describe the spaces between the wings, or flats. Instead a loose term is used and they are called "entrances." The French theatre has an exact term for these spaces which they call "coulisses."

*From the paintings by William Stewart.*

*Continued.]*

scenery is raised and lowered, and the picture which the "Flies" present recalls that on board a sailing-ship, for the scenery is manipulated by three ropes on each piece. These ropes are attached to top battens of the scenery and are called "long," "centre" and "short," the short line being that nearest to the fly-rail. These ropes go from the battens of the scenes up to the "Grid," or "Grid-iron," which is a floor under the roof over the stage. It is not solid, for every alternate floor-board is left out, mainly to save weight. The blocks over which the ropes run are fixed to the boards. The Stage Carpenters are highly important. Besides doing all the necessary carpentry, they now are nearly always

*[Continued above, right.]*



"PROPS," OR THE PROPERTY MAN, PAINTING A GIANT HEAD. THE TERM "PROPS" APPLIES TO THE MAN HIMSELF, AND ALSO TO THE OBJECTS HE PRODUCES, WHICH ARE SUB-DIVIDED INTO "STAGE PROPS" AND "HAND PROPS."



**P**REPARATIONS for the pantomimes—one of the traditional national pleasures associated with the Christmas holidays—begin early in the year. The scene-painter usually starts work on panto. productions about July. The first step is to prepare sketches and models. When these have been approved, the scenery is constructed of wood and canvas, the work being done under the painter's supervision. Roughly, scenery is divided into two sections, "Cloths" and "Flats"; the former are suspended, so that they can be raised and lowered; and the latter are canvas frames which stand on the stage. The "Cloths" usually measure about 36 ft. across by 24 ft. high;

*[Continued below, right.]*



USING THE OLDEST FORM OF PAINT KNOWN TO HISTORY—COLOURS IN POWDER FORM MIXED WITH ORDINARY SIZE: A SCENE-PAINTER PAUSING FOR A MOMENT TO CONSIDER HIS WORK.



SCENE-SHIFTERS SETTING A SCENE: THE MAN IN THE LEFT-HAND CORNER IS SETTING A "FLAT"; THE BACKGROUND SHOWS A "CLOTH," AND THE MAN ON THE RIGHT IS ARRANGING POTS ON A STALL, PARTLY BUILT AND PARTLY "SET-PIECE."

*Continued.]* though in many leading theatres they are much larger. The paints used by scene-painters are the oldest form of paint known to history. The colours are in powder form, the only vehicle for binding them being ordinary size. Mr. William Stewart, the artist who is responsible for the back-stage pictures which we reproduce, notes that in the past many distinguished artists were originally scene-painters; and states that in the opinion of Sir Frank Brangwyn, R.A., many artists would gain a great deal if they were able to study the technical methods of scene-painting.

*From the paintings by William Stewart.*

**MEN WHO HELP TO MAKE STAGE MAGIC FOR THE CHRISTMAS PANTO.: SCENE-PAINTERS AND SCENE-SHIFTERS AT WORK.**





"PRINCE AHMED AND THE FAIRY PARI-BANOU":

"ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS" ILLUSTRATED BY EDMUND DULAC—NO. I.

Edmund Dulac's illustrations to the Arabian Nights capture the glamour and colour of the East, for all his life he was a student of Oriental art. The four examples of his work which we reproduce in this issue were on view in the Edmund Dulac Memorial Exhibition held last winter at the Leicester Galleries. The story of Prince Ahmed and the Fairy Pari-Banou tells how the youngest son of the Sultan of the Indies engaged in a shooting-match with his brothers to decide who should marry their lovely cousin. Ahmed shot his arrow so far that it was adjudged to be lost, and his second brother won the bride. Ahmed, left disconsolate, wandered in search of his arrow, and eventually found it at a great distance, in a rocky desert, beside a mysterious iron door. He pushed the door and it opened, and he entered, to find himself in a splendid Palace, home of the Fairy Pari-Banou, daughter of a powerful genii. She explained that, attracted by his youth and noble bearing, she had caused him to be brought to her presence by means of the lost arrow. Charmed by her beauty and flattered by her love, Prince Ahmed made the Fairy Pari-Banou his wife, and took up his residence in her magnificent and luxurious Palace.





"PRINCE AHMED FINDS THE SORCERESS":

"ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS" ILLUSTRATED BY EDMUND DULAC—NO. II.

After Prince Ahmed had married the Fairy Pari-Banou, he lived happily in her splendid Palace; but after a while longed to see his father, the Sultan of the Indies, and relieve his anxiety about his son's whereabouts. The Fairy consented to this, but enjoined him not to disclose his marriage. The Sultan, however, longed to learn the secret of his son's life, and employed a Sorceress to aid him. She tracked Ahmed to the iron door, but could not enter, so, feigning illness, she lay on the ground in his path as he came riding by, and was compassionately carried into the Palace and thus learnt the secret, which she imparted to the Sultan. He then demanded various boons of his son, finally asking to see "a man not above a foot-and-a-half high, whose beard is thirty feet long, and who carries on his shoulders a bar of iron of five hundredweight which he uses as a quarter-staff." This personage duly appeared in the person of the Fairy's genii brother; and in punishment of the Sultan's duplicity, he killed him, the Sorceress, and the councillors who were Ahmed's enemies; and Ahmed and Pari-Banou became Sultan and Sultana of the Indies.





"THE GENII BRINGING PRINCESS BADOURA TO PRINCE CAMARALZAMAN":

"ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS" ILLUSTRATED BY EDMUND DULAC—NO. III.

The story of Prince Camaralzaman and the Princess Badoura is one of the most eventful and romantic of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." The Prince, son of King Schah-zaman, and the Princess, daughter of the King of China, who lived in countries far distant from each other, showed a deep aversion from the idea of marriage; and in consequence were imprisoned by their respective parents. A Genii and a Fairy, impressed by their beauty, sought to compare them with each other, and in order to do this the Genii carried the sleeping Princess Badoura to Prince Camaralzaman's tower. The Fairy woke the Prince for a moment and let him see the sleeping Princess; then put him to sleep and roused the Princess so that she might look on him. The young people fell in love and the Prince slipped his own ring from his finger and exchanged it with that worn by the Princess. In the morning the Princess woke in her own room, and was astonished when her servants said she could not have seen any young man during the night. The Prince sought in vain for the Princess in his tower and would not believe that she had not been sent by his father. The Genii carrying the Princess to the Prince's tower is one of the subjects which Edmund Dulac, a student of Oriental art, chose to illustrate; and it was shown in the Edmund Dulac Memorial Exhibition at the Leicester Galleries last year.





"PRINCESS BADOURA, IN DISGUISE, SEES PRINCE CAMARALZAMAN":

"ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS" ILLUSTRATED BY EDMUND DULAC—NO. IV.

Prince Camaralzaman and the Princess Badoura, daughter of the King of China, after many strange and magical events, were united in marriage. They were blissfully happy, and after a while set out to visit the Prince's father, King Schah-zaman; but a vexatious accident separated them before they had reached their journey's end. Camaralzaman was examining a precious talisman which belonged to his wife, when a fierce bird swooped down and seized it in its beak. The Prince pursued the robber for many miles; failed to recapture the talisman and found himself separated from his bride. The Princess, alarmed at losing her husband, and fearing to travel without him, disguised herself as a man and took his name. As the Prince Camaralzaman, she and her suite reached the Isle of Ebony, where she was received with honour by the King. He was so impressed with her noble appearance that he invited the so-called Camaralzaman to marry his daughter, the Princess Haiatalnefous. Princess Badoura, sadly perplexed, kept up her disguise and went through the marriage ceremony; and then related her strange story to Haiatalnefous, who promised to preserve the secret. The King of the Isle of Ebony then handed over his kingdom to his supposed son-in-law, who ascended the throne and began to rule. Eventually, by a series of magical events, the real Prince Camaralzaman reached the Isle of Ebony disguised as a merchant; and the loving couple were reunited.



## THE CELEBRITY—(Continued from page 18.)

found it necessary to dispense with the services of Sheldon Dicks, it was—he believed—for quite a different reason.

It was for failure, after several warnings, to have the L key repaired on Baxter's favourite typewriter. The author's fourteenth novel had just been designated merely an alternate Book Club selection and this, on top of Dicks' negligence in regard to the L key, had been just too much. After nearly ten years of conscientious and ghostlike servitude, Sheldon Dicks had been pushed out of the Baxter nest and into the wide, wide world.

He did not remain there long. A year later he was in Arizona with spots on his lung and the year after that he was dead. A five-line obituary notified readers that the deceased had served as private secretary to the eminent author Kenneth Channing Baxter.

Whether or not the dismissal and passing away of Sheldon Dicks had anything to do with the decline of Baxter is one of those intangibles for ever to be argued. But Baxter's next novel was not even a Book Club alternate, and the one that followed was rather generally ridiculed as old-fashioned and contrived.

Baxter went on turning out novels but the tide had turned and he was left floundering in the wake of others' success. Most of the reviewers who had lavished columns of print on the new Galsworthy and the American Maugham were dead or retired. A whole new generation of critics placed Baxter somewhere between Zane Gray and James Oliver Curwood.

To add to Baxter's plight, his money ran out—a fate not uncommon to the fortunes of the get-famous-quick in America. In anticipation of recapturing his lost public, he had continued to live in the grand manner with his lake, his private writing-house, his green, rolling lawns, his great parties, and the expensive Mrs. Baxter, long after his books had failed to sustain this sort of living.

At last he had to sell, for a fraction of its value, his charming landmark, Rolling Brook. He was faced with the prospect of living out his days ingloriously on a modest annuity.

One Sunday a few months after Mrs. Baxter had passed on, K.C.B. walked around the corner from his small Greenwich Village apartment to pick up the morning papers. As had been his habit for some thirty years, he fingered through the bulky Sunday sections until he found the Book Review.

On the front page was a two-column cut of a face he had hardly thought about in recent years. Sheldon Dicks'. A banner line asked a provocative question: "An American Rimbaud?" A review by a distinguished English poet welcomed "to the thin ranks of first-line American writers a new poet of such brilliance, intensity, originality and depth as to suggest—but in no way imitate—the erratic genius of the great French poet, Rimbaud."

Wandering along the street in an uneasy trance, Baxter read the strange facts behind the publication of Dicks' long narrative poem, "A Mass for the Living Dead." When Dicks had died in obscurity on a ranch in Arizona, he had left a request in writing that all his papers should be burned.

But a high-school English teacher who had become his friend in the closing days of his life had been so impressed by the manuscript that he had not had the heart to carry out Dicks' instructions. After several years of soul-searching, the English teacher had written in his introduction, he had decided that a higher conscience demanded his giving Dicks' long poem to the world.

From his obscure window, Baxter watched incredulously as the circle of fame spread ever wider around the shadowy figure of his former employee. T. S. Eliot delivered a paper at Harvard on "God and Gods in Sheldon Dicks." In one feverish fall season there were no fewer than three learned, obscure critiques on Sheldon Dicks ("The Worlds of Sheldon Dicks"; "Sheldon Dicks: An Exploration of Myth as Metaphor"; "Underground Stream: Ethos and Decalogue in Sheldon Dicks"). The *Atlantic Monthly* ran a symposium on Sheldon Dicks and new young poets were accused of trying to write like Sheldon Dicks,

and Sheldon Dicks' "symbolistic" view of society became the fashionable one for literary undergraduates.

Some young Americans on the Left Bank shaved their beards and cropped their hair in imitation of Sheldon Dicks. There had been nothing like it since the Kafka boom.

Rummaging through his file for some odd pieces of writing that might be fed into the all-but-dried-up stream of his magazine market, Baxter found a few lines scribbled in the margin of an abandoned first chapter of a forgotten novel. "Pl. not. sug. ch. W'l tp tn S.D." he read.

It brought back to Kenneth Channing Baxter a lost moment from his old world of fame and prosperity when a mousey underling, in line of duty, had scribbled something Baxter would interpret as:

"Please note suggested changes. Will type to-night. Sheldon Dicks."

At a fashionable rare-book store on 57th Street a distinguished-looking relic from the nineteenth century studied through his pince-nez the scribbled notation.

Then, deliberately, he compared it with a letter written in the precious hand of Sheldon Dicks. "Yes, yes, this would seem to be quite genuine," he assured the old man in the worn, expensively-cut tweeds. "Signed only with his initials and not with the full name, it would be worth—" quickly he consulted an open catalogue—"shall we say fifty dollars?"

Baxter was glad to get the money. He was living these days by disposing of odds and ends, first editions, paintings and the like.

As he drifted towards the entrance, the title of a book on the first counter caught his eye: "American Writers—1900–1952."

With the incurable vanity of the once-famous, he could not resist riffling the index to see if his name was still included. Ah, there it was: "Baxter, Kenneth Channing, p. 67." As quickly as possible he turned to his page and read:

"Baxter, Kenneth Channing; popular writer of '20's and '30's. Better known as long-time employer of Sheldon Dicks. See Sheldon Dicks."

THE END.



"Yes, yes, this would seem to be quite genuine," he assured the old man in the worn, expensively-cut tweeds. "Signed only with his initials and not with the full name, it would be worth—" quickly he consulted an open catalogue—"shall we say fifty dollars?"





As he spoke, the car struggled to the top of the hill, and there he stopped it. "Look," he said.

# LADY GEORGIANA

By PETER TOWRY,

Author of "It's Warm Inside."

Illustrated by GORDON NICOLL, R.I.

**T**HE snow was deep, and just beginning to freeze. The road was tricky enough in any weather, winding through a series of hills, almost hillocks, and every cross-road was an artfully-concealed trap. But to-day there was no danger from traffic: it was only that the car, in spite of its chains, shifted uneasily, as if alive, under its anxious driver.

Colonel William Ruthwell was, anyway, an anxious man. The remnants of his grey hair straggled to and fro at the sides of his head, and his huge grey eyebrows were permanently raised in outraged astonishment. Now he was also upset by the snow, by a new, unlocated rattle in the car, and especially because he had been late for an appointment: he had kept a guest waiting, and he was a punctual man, who believed profoundly in courtesy.

"Really!" he said gruffly, in shocked disgust. "It's unforgiveable! Quite unforgiveable!" It was the fifth time he had said this since they left the station.

His guest remained silent at his side. The previous four times she had rallied well—had assured him that it didn't matter, that she had hardly waited at all, and almost that it was her own fault for coming in such weather. But now she could not think of anything more to say, except that she was tired, that she wanted to go home, and, above all, that she was cold. She did not say any of these things.

"Unforgiveable!" he barked again, glancing at her.

She made a faint gesture, an even fainter noise; it might have been "Yes," or equally well "No," but it satisfied him for the moment, and, coming into a straight stretch of road, he accelerated vigorously to fifteen miles an hour.

She sat quite straight in the front seat, trying not to think of the cold, that had now crept damply up her legs, and was excavating a sick hollow in the pit of her stomach. She was a very slight creature, and she was dressed all in black. Her straight, dark hair was cut in a fringe across her forehead, and mathematically squared just above the shoulders. Her eyes were almost as black as her dress, and against them the pallor of her skin was startling. She was ten years old.

"You'd better call me William," he announced, abrupt as usual, "For I shall call you Georgiana. Fair's fair." He rumbled. She looked sideways at him in alarm, and then understood that he was chuckling. She edged the corners of her mouth politely up, but she could not conceive why he should laugh. Her eyes surveyed the dead landscape. On either side of the road a forest of poles thrust nakedly from the snow: it was as though they passed through a great cemetery of the poor—of people too poor, too cold, to have proper crosses on their graves.

"Hop-poles," said the Colonel, waving a hand gingerly. "Biggest hop-gardens in Kent. Which means, of course, in England." He made another peculiar noise, a puff of inarticulate pride.

She did not know what hops were; she stared acquiescently.

"However" he pursued "this name business. You can't call me uncle—inaccurate!—and cousin sounds affected. Hey? And you can't go about calling me Colonel Ruthwell. Silly. After all, you're one of the family; we share a grandfather, you know. I'll show you his picture when we get in. And your namesake's portrait, too—Lady Georgiana Ruthwell."

He shot a glance sideways at her.

"You're very like her. Dark and frail. She went to America, you know. Married a young rip who had big estates in Virginia, and no sooner was she out there than she got mixed up in your War of Independence. On the wrong side, hey? As we thought then..."

He rumbled. Her profile stayed calm and aloof; she hoped terribly she was not going to be sick.

"Not so sure now," he said soberly. "Anyway, she often dined with Washington, they say. But her husband died, and she came back in the end. Got homesick. Came back to the old house, and lived to a ripe old age. Ran the whole countryside, old Georgiana did."

He turned left into an even narrower lane. Then he sighed.

"Ah, well; now there's just me and Margaret. You must call her Margaret. But you'll see in a few moments: we're getting along nicely now..."

As he spoke, the car struggled to the top of the hill, and there he stopped it.

"Look," he said.

The hill fell sharply in front of them, and the road fell with it, headlong down into trees whose black twigs scratched black on a white pattern of roofs. Beyond the hamlet, the road emerged, crossed a sunken stream, and ran past a large stone gateway. Through the gates was a field set with great beeches, and beyond that a square house, yellow now against the snow, sat apparently in the middle of a second field.

"Home!" said the Colonel, with some fervour. If the car did break down, they were in walking distance now. For a second his eyebrows relaxed.

But Georgiana was looking beyond the house. The sun had set behind them now, and beyond the brief hamlet the snow-covered landscape withdrew, flat and interminable, broken only by gaunt trees like besoms stuck on end, and by the black scars of hedgerows. It looked as uninhabited as the moon; nothing moved in it, yet as she looked, it was vanishing, submerging in the invasion of the purple dusk.

"And your home too," said the Colonel, absently. "I hope you will be happy with us—"

But Georgiana, her hands clenched into her stomach, leaned forward.

"No!" she said. It was more than a gasp—almost a scream. The word "home," spoken in the strange English accent, hit her sideways, and she fought hopelessly against the tears that burnt her eyes.



"My dear!" said the Colonel, in astonishment.

Somehow Georgiana controlled her tears. "I'm sorry!" she said with a gulp. "I didn't mean no. I just meant . . ." She dried up, and then started again: "It's all so queer. I've never seen snow before."

"Good heavens! But you must have seen . . ." The Colonel consulted a mental atlas: San Diego—Southern California. "Why, no," he conceded. "I suppose you might have missed it in your part of America. But you mustn't get upset about it, my dear. And it's rather pretty, don't you think? Damn nuisance, of course, but really, the house looks very jolly in it. If it holds, we'll have a white Christmas . . ."

In spite of Georgiana's efforts, a tear squeezed out of one eye, and hung trembling on her cheek. Quickly, she turned her head away, but the Colonel had seen.

"There, there," he said practically: "don't cry now. You must be tired, and here am I sitting about in the middle of the country. We'll be home in a moment. Tea and crumpets. Got a handkerchief?"

He gave her one, and started the engine.

Georgiana blew her nose fiercely.

"Unforgiveable of me!" The Colonel muttered a little, toying with the gear-lever. Then he turned abruptly to her: "My dear," he said, with great urgency and embarrassment, "there is nothing in the world that Margaret and I want, except that you should be happy with us. We're a couple of fogeys, you know, and you must put up with us—different ways, and all that. If there's anything you want, just ask. Remember, this is your home, and it will all be your own, in time . . ."

He squeezed her knee.

"Goodness, you're shivering!" Very pink in the face, he seized a rug from the back seat, wrapped it about her, and then drove very fast indeed down the hill, ejaculating "Unforgiveable!" at himself at every lurch of the car.

Georgiana sat bolt upright, her eyes shut, drawing strength for the next encounter. But the dead-white cold of the snow ached in her eyelids.

Afterwards, she could never remember arriving, only the strange snow-light on the ceiling of her small, white bedroom.

"Come down when you're ready," said Margaret, "and tea will be ready. I expect you could do with something hot."

She closed the door and went downstairs, a grey, tidy, round woman, topped by a neat bun.

"William," she said anxiously, as she came into the sitting-room, "she's terrifying! What is going on behind all that . . . that . . . so cold, so calm, so polite! And all that black! She says she's only got black clothes now. We must get her into Maidstone and get her something gay . . ."

"Oh, I don't know. She's quite human; just very grown-up. But she had a little cry in the car. It's just homesickness, my dear. It'll wear off. D'you know, Margaret, she's never seen the snow before. Extraordinary!" He ruminated, standing in front of the fire, while his wife made the tea.

"And, my God, Margaret, she'll be a corker! D'you see those bones! The fineness, and yet the strength! *Breeding!*" he exploded fiercely. "She'll knock every young man in the county sideways. Can't you just see her on a horse?"

"Hush, William! She'll be down in a moment."

Tea was not a success. Anxious to make contact, they showered questions on Georgiana. Her journey? The Atlantic crossing? Her friends? Her life in San Diego? Film-stars? The climate? Her father?

"I only met him once," said William; "in France. Nineteen-eighteen, I should say. Very young he was then . . ."

"Oh, he was very well, thank you," said Georgiana, "until he died."

There was a startled pause, and she guessed she had said something wrong. She looked into her tea-cup mournfully, and wished they had milk.

She had never seen much of either of her parents. Her mother had died in giving birth to her, and her father, who had married passionately though late, always bore a slight grudge against his daughter. He was a prosperous - enough lawyer in San Diego, he had his business and his friends, and he left her in the capable and adoring hands of Lizzie, the coloured girl who had run his household since he got married. "Home" for Georgiana had always meant Lizzie: ample, comfortable Lizzie, the ivory grin splitting the ebony face when the child came home from school; Lizzie chasing her into bed, sewing her into frocks, drawing the coloured blinds on Sunday afternoons in their sunny fourth-floor apartment. She had few friends, and so, when her father died suddenly, leaving her on to his English cousins, Lizzie was really all that she lost; but in her, at one blow, she lost mother, father and home.

The conversation dragged. Georgiana answered more questions in monosyllables. Then Christmas was tried as a topic. Of course, she said, mildly surprised, they had Christmas in America. Parties. Presents. A Christmas tree.

Margaret explained that they would be having guests for Christmas: another cousin (Jane,

a girl of twenty-three) and two friends. It would, she hoped, be quite fun.

"Oh," said Georgiana.

"Well," said William, pushing his chair back. "Time you had a look at the house. And don't let me forget the pictures."

"Pictures?" said Georgiana, almost animated. "Have you got a movie here?"

"Lord, no! The portraits I was telling you about in the car." Her face fell.

"O.K.," she said, and rose dutifully.

He showed her the State drawing-room, bleakly splendid under the cold glitter of its chandelier; some smaller rooms, spiky with unused furniture, a long, ill-lit and sweating corridor, a huge kitchen paved with stone slabs, and then a bricked-up doorway.

"That" he said sadly "was where the East Wing was. We had to pull it down: it cost too much to keep the rain out. And, of course,



Tea was not a success. Anxious to make contact, they showered questions on Georgiana. Her journey? The Atlantic crossing? Her friends? Her life in San Diego?



the house is still impossibly big, with only daily help from the village . . ."

She wondered why they did not move to a more comfortable apartment.

He took her upstairs and they wandered about from door to door, the electric light briefly revealing shrouded furniture and empty grates. Then they came down again, and stopped by a door at the back of the house.

"This," said the Colonel, "is really the ballroom, though no one's danced in it for fifteen years now. It was added to the house by Lady Georgiana, your namesake, round about 1790, when she came back . . ."

The click of the switches as he turned them echoed in the empty room. It was not big for a ballroom: exquisitely proportioned, decorated in pink and gold, with tall windows all down one side. The walls were hung with portraits, thick as postage stamps—they ranged in time from beruffed Elizabethans to a severe, iron-grey Victorian concealed behind a beard and spectacles. And he, said William, was their mutual grandfather. Then he took her hand, and led her to the fireplace. Over the mantelpiece hung an oval painting.

"There you are," he said, "Lady Georgiana. Painted by Gainsborough."

Round-eyed, head back, her mouth a little open, Georgiana nodded at the portrait: at the dark head so elegantly inclined on the long, white

"I'm sorry," said Georgiana quickly; "it's my fault, I guess. I stood in the snow at the station. To see what it was like."

They looked at her dumbly.

"It was cold," she stated sadly.

She was swept off to a bath, posseted, and put to bed with hot-water bottles. But when her light went out, and the door shut behind Margaret, Georgiana lay on her back in the dark and cried without hope for Lizzie and the sun. She cried a long time, and when she went to sleep she dreamed of Lizzie, and then of Lady Georgiana alternately, until inexplicably they merged, and the long, pale face with the straight dark hair sat obliquely on Lizzie's fat neck, and smiled at her.

Next morning, she spent a long time in the ballroom, staring at Lady Georgiana. For the face was the face that Georgiana—staring into the mirror in the tedium of a rainy afternoon, or when it was too hot to sleep—had used to graft on to her own face: pushing her long, straight hair up on her head, plumping her cheeks, smiling enigmatically on her own fabulous future.

That night, and most nights, she dreamed of Lady Georgiana. In the daytime, she conjured her from her frame, and walked with her about the deserted bedrooms, where she was left mostly undisturbed. She sat on shrouded beds in shuttered rooms, and talked to her much as she had used to talk to Lizzie. And gradually Lizzie faded, and



The paintings themselves were stacked along the bottom of the wall, facing inwards. She rushed forward, frantically turning them about. With a little sob of relief, finally she discovered Lady Georgiana.

neck, at the full, red mouth that was just about to smile. The dark eyes seemed to look at her, and yet, when she tried to catch them, they were looking just beside her, as if at her shadow. But clearly she enjoyed looking at one's shadow; clearly she enjoyed everything, without hesitation.

Georgiana was entranced. In the end, the Colonel had to touch her arm. "You can always come back. She's been here a hundred and fifty years. But you'll catch cold if you stay here . . ."

Unwillingly, she turned to go, but was arrested by the bleached lunar landscape that glimmered beyond the tall, uncurtained windows. At the door, the Colonel switched the lights off. The cold moonlight, reflected from the snow, saturated the room, yet seemed to drain all substance from it. Georgiana glanced for assurance at the portrait, but it had withdrawn behind a chill, opaque glaze. She felt the cold knuckling inside her, and turned hurriedly to the door.

"You can't leave her all alone like that," she said, shivering, and sneezed.

But William said she had always been there.

At supper, Georgiana sneezed four times rapidly. William apologised for the lack of central heating; everyone had it in America, he understood. Margaret more practically wondered if she'd given her enough bedclothes.

For the first time Georgiana confessed to feeling a little chilly. Especially, she said, her feet.

Margaret stooped. "But good heavens! They're sopping! William, what have you been doing with her?"

Lady Georgiana came to have more substance than the two anxious, grey, elderly people who watched over her so eagerly, who nearly forced her into tears by their efforts to distract her, to take her out of herself, to win at least a smile from her. And all the time the snow lay. In the mornings, when she woke, her room floated in the light thrown up from it, and all day its white cold pressed in through the windows. But Lady Georgiana did not seem to mind the cold, so the child accepted it. Only the cough in her chest shifted deeper, and Margaret got a little worried.

Then, one morning, going into the ballroom, Georgiana found the Colonel already there, with a smooth young man neatly dressed in black. They were checking a list together, and gradually, as she watched them, a dreadful suspicion grew in her mind. She rushed to her bedroom, and sat there, shivering, till she heard the young man's car going away. Then she went straight down, and accosted the Colonel.

"You're going to sell the pictures!"

"Yes. I'm afraid so. It's the only way to save the house. There's dry-rot in the roof, you see, and we just haven't the money . . ."

"But you can't!"

It was the first time he had heard her raise her voice. He looked at her in astonishment, his shaggy eyebrows jumping up and down.

"But I've got to, Georgiana, or the house will fall down."

"I don't care," she shouted. "Let the stupid house fall down! But you shan't sell Lady Georgiana!"

"Oh, Lady Georgiana," he said, his face clearing. "Oh, no. I'm not selling her. I'm only selling some, and some of the furniture . . ."



She stared at him blackly. She did not believe him. For the rest of the day she moped upstairs. But the Colonel and Margaret hardly noticed, for they were busy preparing for Christmas. The next day but one would be Christmas Eve.

That night Georgiana slept fitfully. She dreamed of Lady Georgiana. Then she had a terrible dream of Lizzie: Lizzie telling her of the bad old days in the South, of slavery and slave-traders. She was describing, as she had so often done, the auction at which her great grandfather and great grandmother had been sold apart to different plantation owners, who lived hundreds of miles from each other. Georgiana saw the man stand there while the crowd made its bids, and clamoured—roaring like the lions roared at Daniel, said Lizzie. Then it was the woman's turn, and Georgiana, already shrinking with fear, saw that it was not a coloured woman, but Lady Georgiana, who stood there while the crowd shrieked.

She woke, trembling. She *knew* they were going to sell Lady Georgiana. She sat up in bed, clutching the blankets to her. The house was silent, as if stifled with snow. Carefully, she got out of bed, and went to the door. Nothing moved. She felt her way out and down the stairs. She opened the ballroom door, and switched on the lights.

She was struck with horror. The walls were stripped. Patches of unfaded wallpaper, with here and there a grimy trail of cobweb, showed where the pictures had been. The paintings themselves were stacked along the bottom of the wall, facing inwards.

She rushed forwards, frantically turning them about. With a little sob of relief, finally she discovered Lady Georgiana. There, sitting in her pyjamas on the floor, rocking to and fro with Lady Georgiana clasped to her chest, she was found some time later by the Colonel, roused by unwonted noises.

Next morning Georgiana was running a temperature. She was kept firmly in bed, but not a word was said about her night excursion. She lay there calm and satisfied. It was as if she had saved someone from drowning.

Her fever was not high, and to her it was, indeed, almost comforting. It kept her warm. That night she went off to sleep easily.

But next day, Margaret, coming out of the child's room, found the Colonel waiting there.

"Her temperature's up a lot," she said.

"Flu?" said William. In times of sickness, he leaned entirely on Margaret. She had been a nurse in her youth, and it was as a nurse, when he was wounded in 1916, that he had first met her.

"Hope it's nothing worse," she said. "She's making horrid noises in her chest..."

But it did not seem sufficiently serious to put off their guests, who were due that afternoon. The doctor had promised to get over, by hook or by crook (he lived ten miles away, and it was snowing slightly again), soon after lunch.

Georgiana lay hazily in bed. The cold in her had changed quality: no longer a sick hollowness, it seemed to burn in her chest. The ordinary noises in her room, of Margaret's comings and goings, or of her own slight stirring in the bed, seemed to take on a life and weight of their own, remote and disconnected from the movements that caused them, and silence itself moved uneasily, as though, in the thick, shuffling drift of the snow, it had at last found its voice. But Georgiana was not unhappy. Mostly she lay with her eyes shut, and, when she opened them, Lady Georgiana would be there, sitting equably on the edge of her bed.

But then, about noon, she dozed a little, to wake suddenly with a dry gasp.

"She's gone!" she said. Her tongue ran over her parched lips. "Oh, she's gone!..." All she could see was the white whirl of the snow on the window-pane. "Lady Georgiana!"

Margaret bent over her.

"Lady Georgiana!" moaned the child.

"Yes, dear. She's all right. In the ballroom. Safe and sound..."

"Lady Georgiana!"

She mourned hopelessly into her pillow, and would not be consoled.

In the end, the Colonel fetched the painting, and hung it on the wall where the child could see it.

"Lady Georgiana!" she said, and lay still.

"William!" exclaimed Margaret in a whisper. "Did you see? She almost smiled..." For so far, they had not succeeded in capturing one smile from her.

Soon after three, there was commotion downstairs. The three Christmas guests arrived, followed closely by the doctor.

Georgiana was aware of a dark, thick-set man stooping over her: of her hand being lifted, a pressure on her wrist. She could not make out what was happening: her hand moved so slowly, and she did not know if she or someone else had raised it. Then suddenly the cold burning in her chest was bared, and a small burning circle joined with it. Bewildered, she saw the dark man's face very close to her, and tubes fell from his ears. Then the face vanished, and the bedclothes closed up on her again. A thick whispering moved over the silence. Then a door shut. Gratefully, she looked up for Lady Georgiana. She was still there.

Downstairs, the guests sat gloomily round in the hall, still in their overcoats: the young Ruthwell cousin, Jane, a tall, dark girl, who had just finished her stage training, and a tall, military man, Major James, a former colleague of the Colonel's, with his wife.

When Margaret announced that the doctor had diagnosed pneumonia, they all offered first to leave, and then, more cheerfully, to help. But Margaret, laden with drugs, and encouraged by the doctor, was more cheerful now she knew exactly what she was up against. She made them over to William, and vanished upstairs to do battle.

They all sat about, having unpacked, pretending to read. They had tea, and later a meal concocted by the Colonel from cans, and brewed over a Primus stove.

Georgiana lay dreamily. She was quite docile, and absorbed the drugs offered her. She seemed to be growing lighter and lighter; it



The long, pale face, the dark hair piled on top, bent over her in the roaring dusk. The mouth was very full, just about to smile. It would smile now, in a second: it must smile.



was almost as though she could fly. Only the blankets got heavier and heavier, till they lay on her like fetters, and Margaret would not let her take them off. But she bore that very well, and when she noticed that Margaret was crying, she asked her politely why. Her voice seemed to come from some way off.

Margaret seemed very cross, and denied that she was crying at all.

Then an awful thing happened. Lady Georgiana vanished again. When she realised what had happened, Georgiana sat straight up, and opened her mouth. Her throat hurt terribly. Then, from very far away again, she heard her voice crying very high.

The Colonel came into the room, and he and Margaret together made her lie down. After a little she saw it was hopeless and her voice stopped screaming.

She was alone again. The whispering was abroad again on the air: hundreds of people outside her door, whispering. She could hear each word, detached, floating on the silence, but they would not join together to make sense.

"William, what *can* we do? She'll tear herself to bits, tossing and screaming for that picture . . ."

"That damn picture!"

"What you want"—it was a low, husky, unknown voice—"is a wizard to magic the old girl out of her frame . . ."

"For Heaven's sake, Jane, this isn't the time—!" Margaret's voice, sharpened out of patience.

Abruptly the whispering stopped. Georgiana could hear the snow, a million tiny, baffled thuds on the window. She longed for the voices to start again.

Margaret's voice, excited now, rising . . . "Jane, it's an idea! You could do it! Just put your hair up. There's an old red silk ball dress of my great-grandmother's upstairs. . . . Then, with the light behind you . . ."

The voices flurried madly, as if in a gust of wind, then softened.

"Oh, all right. All right. I'll have a shot."

"Good—oh, good! You run upstairs and change. The rest of us can go down, and think out a line for you to take . . ."

The whispering drifted away.

Suddenly, the Colonel's voice, full-throated. "Crazy nonsense! That damn picture! That damn b——, Lady Georgiana . . ."

A great hushing and shuffling. But Georgiana, pierced by the name that flew straight through the haze into her understanding, sat straight up again, staring at the empty space at the end of her bed.

"Lady Georgiana!" she screamed. "Lady Georgiana! . . ."

Margaret came in, and laid her down. She sobbed into her pillow. Then the light dimmed.

"No, no!" she cried. "I want Lady Georgiana! . . ."

But the room was empty.

In a paroxysm of coughing and crying, she beat the pillows with her fist. All cold had left her now; the burning in her chest was a dry, flaming heat. The room shrank about her, tight and mean as a prison, and she could not breathe.

Then, as she sobbed, exhausted, into the pillow, she felt a faint, cool prickling in the nape of her neck, as though someone were playing with her hair. Then it was the pressure of a hand.

She turned on her back.

The long, pale face, the dark hair piled on top, bent over her in the roaring dusk. The mouth was very full, just about to smile. It would

smile now, in a second: it must smile. A cool hand rested on Georgiana's forehead, and then the fingers began to ripple through her hair, through and out, through and out.

The iron-hot stiffness ebbed from her body, and as she relaxed back against her pillows, the noise receded till it was only the distant murmur of a quiet sea.

In the sudden dark tranquillity, the face bent over her smiled at last. The smile gleamed faintly. The fingers went on and on.

And then there was a voice, a deep voice, warm and yet husky, like Lizzie's and yet like nothing in the world, very close to her.

"You silly child . . ." it said. Like Lizzie's, it slurred the last word.

"You silly chil' . . ."

"Lady Georgiana," said Georgiana, happily. She closed her eyes, and sleep flowed over her body.

"I can't think what Jane's up to," said Margaret downstairs, jumpy. "She must have got into the dress by now."

She went out into the darkened hall and looked up. In the faint slit of light that was Georgiana's open door she saw a faint shadow move.

Then the door shut, and the house suddenly was filled with the restless shift of snow in the dark, like the rustling of a host of silk dresses.

She hurried back into the sitting-room.

"She's done it! She's just come out."

Opening her eyes drowsily, Georgiana saw Margaret and the Colonel bending over her. She considered their faces lazily: the huge eyebrows, higher than ever over the anxious grey eyes, and Margaret's round, plump face: the bun had slipped sideways a little, and a hair-pin drooped.

"Margaret," said Georgiana tiredly, and smiled at her. She closed her eyes, sighed and moved comfortably into the depth of the bed.

"Margaret!" said Margaret ecstatically. "William, did you hear that? And she *smiled* at me! She smiled at us . . . And she's sweating . . ."

She turned to her husband and embraced him.

"Happy Christmas!" he said in her ear; and then, beside himself: "Mother."

She stiffened. "William! Really! . . ."

She flustered a little, and then, putting her bun straight, she led him downstairs.

"Jane!" she cried, bursting into the sitting-room. "You're a genius! It's worked! It's worked! . . ."

Major and Mrs. James rose excitedly to their feet. But Jane was not there.

As they turned to the hall, she came in, breathless, shimmering in a pale red silk dress, her shoulders bare, smelling faintly of lavender and mothballs.

"I'm sorry I was so long," she said. "But your great-grandmother's waist! Impossible! I had to pack myself in like corned beef. And now I can't breathe . . ."

"But Jane! It worked! You've done it! How on earth . . .?"

Jane looked slowly round at them all, her colour fading.

"But," she said, "I haven't been in yet."



A KEY TO THE PAINTING, "THE PROVERBS," BY DAVID TENIERS, THE YOUNGER, WHICH IS REPRODUCED ON PAGES 26-27 OF THIS ISSUE.

This numbered key will allow our readers to recognise most of the Proverbs and Sayings represented in the very interesting painting by David Teniers, the Younger, "The Proverbs," which, by courtesy of the Duke of Rutland, we reproduce on pages 26-27 of this issue. Some of the activities of the personages depicted are obscure; and though our readers may successfully have identified a few of the Proverbs, Sayings or Expressions represented, they will find that our key adds interest to the picture. It should be noted that a good many of the Proverbs or Sayings have no modern equivalent; and that in some cases the explanation is fanciful. It has not been possible to read a meaning into the activities of one or two of the personages in the painting; but the following explanations are given for 43 of them:—

1. Cakes on the roof. A reference to the mythical Land of Cockaigne.
2. Two fools under one cap.
3. Guarding the hen's egg and letting the goose's egg go.
4. Letting the hog broach the cask.
5. Making a pet of the devil.
6. His mouth is as big as the oven.
7. Carrying a basket of light into the sunshine (cf., Carrying coals to Newcastle).
8. Lighting a candle to the devil.
9. He looks through his fingers.
10. Confessing to the devil.
11. One holds the distaff; the other spins. (A reference to women talking scandal.)
12. A bone of contention.

13. Honest is the cat when the cheese is in the cupboard.
14. The young wife hangs a cloak over her old husband's head. (She deceives him.)
15. Belling the cat.
16. Filling in the well when the calf is drowned. (cf., Locking the stable door when the steed is stolen.)
17. Fishing behind the net.
18. Throwing money into the water.
19. An eel held by the tail is not caught.
20. Great cry and little wool, as the devil said when he sheared a hog.
21. Big fish eat little fish.
22. Falling between two stools.
23. Stretching out to take two loaves at once.

24. Every man who holds a saucepan is not a cook.
25. Unidentified. It may be the same as No. 23.
26. You can't hold a pig with tongs.
27. He does not care whose house burns down so long as he can warm his hands.
28. He wonders why geese go barefoot.
29. He grudges the sun shining on the water.
30. He throws his cap over the fence. (cf., She throws her bonnet over the windmill.)
31. The blind leading the blind.
32. The pillar-biter. (This expression means Hypocrite.)
33. The man toils up the hill while his pigs run away.

34. He trims his cloak to every wind.
35. He has scattered the contents of his basket.
36. You must stoop low to get through this world.
37. Money makes the world go round.
38. He blows into men's ears with bellows. (i.e., he flatters.)
39. Running his head against a stone wall.
40. Fiddling on the roof. (cf., Eat, drink and be merry.)
41. He follows the flight of the stork with his eyes. (i.e., a dreamer.)
42. Throwing roses to the pigs. (cf., Pearls before swine.)
43. The first to the mill is the first served.



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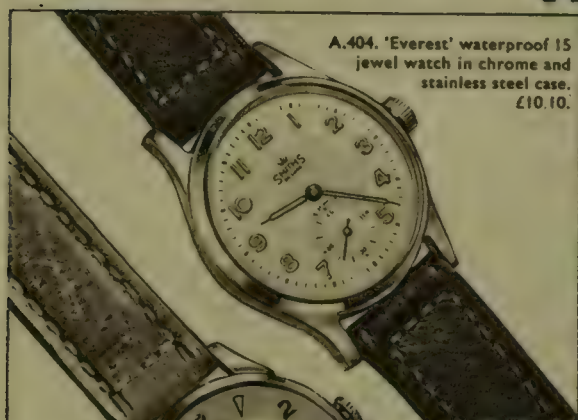
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Birds mentioned in the Authorised Version of the Bible include (1) The Egyptian Eagle Owl; (2) Raven; (3) Kestrel; (4) Little Owl; (5, 15 and 16) Sparrows; (6) Peacock; (7 and 8) Swift; (9) Cuckoo; (10) Hobby; (11) Peregrine Falcon; (12) Kite; (13) Merlin; (14) Hoopoe; (17) Stock Dove; (18) Wood Pigeon; (19) Rock Dove; (20) Turtle Dove; (21) Tawny Owl; (22) Partridges; (23) Cock and Hens.

### THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE BIBLE: BIRDS MENTIONED IN SCRIPTURE STORY—I.

It is not always easy to identify the species intended when birds are mentioned in Holy Writ. For instance, under the word "hawk" a number of small birds of prey—the hobby, merlin and kestrel are indicated. Sparrows are mentioned frequently, but the Hebrew word translated as "sparrow," "bird" or "fowl" may be taken to cover the many species of small passerine bird in Palestine. The peacock is mentioned in connection with Solomon's trade with the East, but when its name occurs in Job, the ostrich is intended. The cuckoo is common in the Holy Land, but the "unclean bird" of Leviticus is probably

the shearwater or species of gull eaten in Syria. "Hoopoe" is the bird intended when "lapwing" is mentioned. The hoopoe has a romantic Biblical connection, for legend says that it carried letters between Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. The tawny owl is the "screech owl" of Isaiah. Two words are rendered as "swallow," but the passages in Isaiah and Jeremiah referring to the cry of the bird and its return in due season, refer to the swift. The habits of the raven are frequently mentioned; and its activities in feeding Elijah are one of the best-loved of Old Testament stories.

*Painted by our Special Artist, Neave Parker.*





We give mammals and reptiles mentioned in the Authorised Version and identified, for in many cases the name given is not that of the animal intended. We show (1) Aurochs, or wild-ox, called 'unicorn'; (2) Cattle; (3) Swine; (4) Bat; (5) Ibeex, called 'wild goat'; (6) Apes; (7) Sheep, fat-tailed; (8) Goat; (9) Serpent; (10) 'Wild Bull,' or 'wild bullis antelope'; (11) Fallow deer, hart and hind; (12) Elephant; (13) Hippopotamus, called 'Behemoth'; (14) Addax, called 'Pygmy'; (15) Rhinoceros; (16) Gnu.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE BIBLE: BEASTS AND REPTILES MENTIONED

The animal described as "unicorn" in the Authorised Version has nothing to do with the Heraldic beast; it is the now extinct aurochs, or wild-ox. The word "cattle" includes the horned buffalo; and the "wild bull" is probably the bubaline antelope. The "coney" is not our rabbit, but is a peculiar little creature, the *Hyrax hyraxis*, still found in rocks in

Palestine. The "Pygarg" is the addax. The horse is the symbol of war; the ass, of peace, and thus Our Lord entered Jerusalem riding an ass's colt, as a peaceful judge, not an earthly conqueror. To the Jew the dog was not the friend of man, but a despised scavenger. Fox and jackal are described by the same word, *shu'āl*; but the foxes sent with

Painted by our Special



(21) Hyena, called "wild beast"; (18) Lion; (19) Lamb; (20) Leopard; (21) Crocodile, called "Leviathan"; (22) Water Buffalo, called "cattle"; (23) Roe Deer; (24) Whale; (25) Arabian camel; (26) Horse; (27) Bear, the Syrian bear; (28) Ass; (29) Frog, the edible variety; (30) Dog; (31) Mouflon, called "chamois"; (32) Gazelle; (33) Wild Bear; (34) Coney; (35) Wolf; (36) Jackal; (37) Locust; (38) Fox; (39) Badger; (40) Hare; (41) Mice; (42) Jerboa; (43) Lizard; (44) Weasels; (45) Mole, the naked mole-rat; (46) Horned viper.

## IN SCRIPTURE STORY AND PARABLE, IDENTIFIED AND PICTURED

firebrands into the Philistines' corn by Samson were jackals, which hunt in packs, and could have been trapped in quantity. The sheep was the animal which, to the Patriarchs, represented the chief source of wealth; it was the principal animal for religious sacrifice, and many scriptural images are drawn from the flock. The goat was the animal of next

importance as a source of wealth, and to this day the Arabs refer to a man of stately mien as a "he-goat"—a term which does not, to the Western mind, suggest dignity or importance. The goat is also the symbol of the Macedonian Empire. The swine was the most abhorred of all animals and the profession of swineherd the lowest of all callings.





On a previous page we illustrate birds mentioned in the Authorised Version of the Bible, in narrative and in parables and metaphors, and on this page we continue the series, with (1) Black Kite ; (2 and 6) Egyptian Vulture ; (3) Griffon Vulture ; (4) Swallows ; (5) Ostrich ; (7) Lammergeier, called "ossifrage" ; (8) Osprey ; (9) Crane ; (10) Heron ; (11) Bitterns ; (12) Pelicans ; (13) Quails ; (14) Cormorant ; (15) Stork.

#### THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE BIBLE: BIRDS MENTIONED IN SCRIPTURE STORY—II.

The eagle spoken of in the Old Testament is the great griffon vulture, the type of the eagle-headed figures of Assyrian sculpture, emblem of Persia, Assyria and of Rome. The gier-eagle is the Egyptian vulture, also known as Pharaoh's hen, the common scavenger of the east. The lammergeier, which is the bird intended when the ossifrage is mentioned, is also known as the bearded vulture. It is the largest and finest of the birds of prey. The ostrich is referred to in several passages where its beautiful feathers, its speed, its

reputed stupidity, and its habit of leaving its eggs in the sand for the sun to hatch out are mentioned. In some other passages the ostrich is intended when the translator has used the word "owl," and in one case "peacock," as noted on our first colour page. The voice of the crane, whose whooping or trumpeting echoes through the night in spring in Palestine, is mentioned. The "swallows" referred to in Psalms and Proverbs are our chimney swallows and martins but references in Isaiah and Jeremiah are to the swift.

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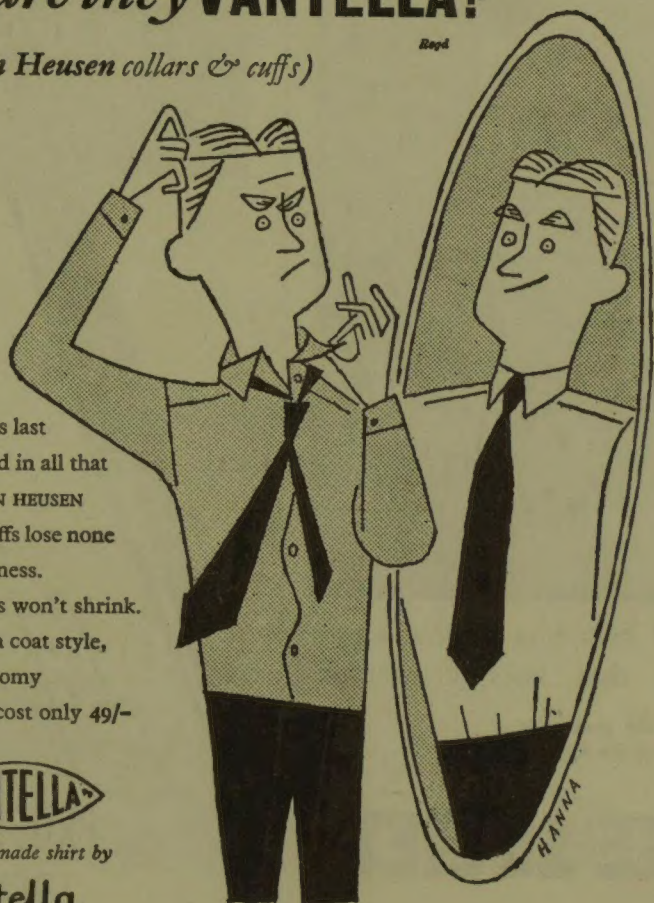
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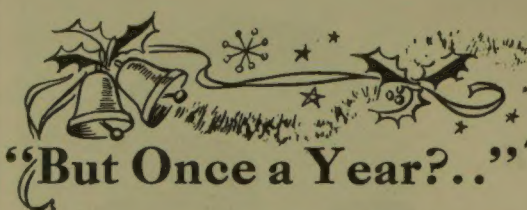
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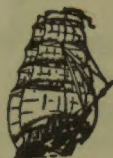
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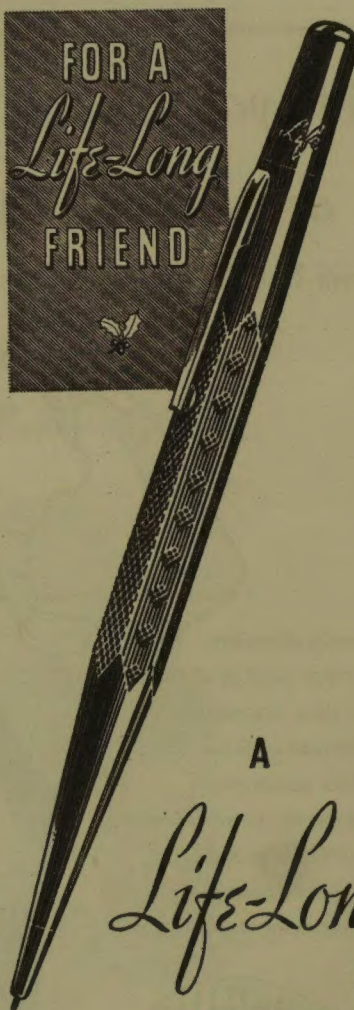
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